

# Vox Wesleyana

Graduation Number

Vol. XXX.

MAY, 1926

No. 3



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## The Journey Onwards

---

As slow our ship her foamy track  
Against the wind was cleaving,  
Her trembling pennant still look'd back  
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.  
So loth we part from all we love,  
From all the links that bind us;  
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,  
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years  
We talk with joyous seeming—  
With smiles that might as well be tears,  
So faint, so sad their beaming;  
While memory brings us back again  
Each early tie that twined us,  
O, sweet's the cup that circles then  
To those we've left behind us!

# Vox Wesleyana

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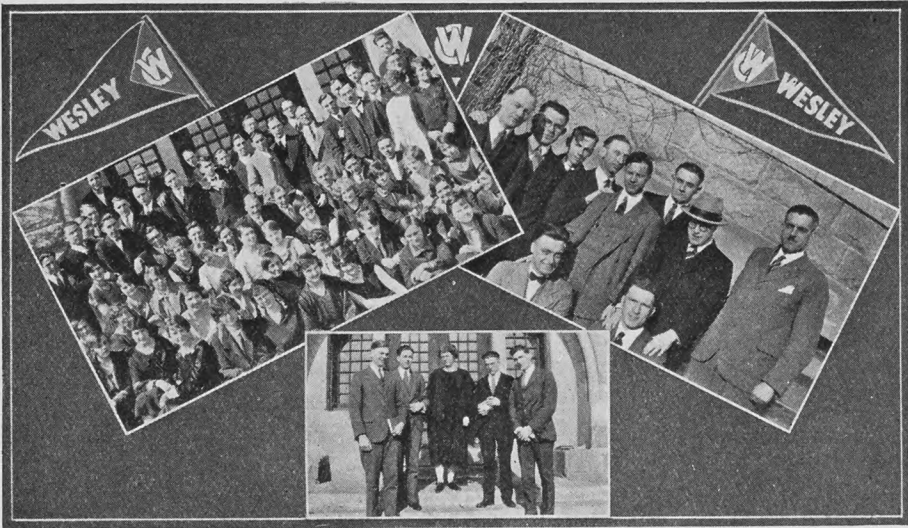
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## EDITORIAL

There is a sense of desolation in the high-vaulted and rather draughty halls of learning, and over Wesley's historic doorway is written the "Ichabod" of her departed glory.

**VALE.** The College year is over. When it began, back in the days of September sunshine, the adventure of the untouched year was like an enchanted land, in which to arrive meant the fulfilment of the most extravagant desires; and as we turn to go, it becomes again a Delectable Country, a land flowing with the milk and honey of delightful memories.

Academic victories or failures should neither exalt nor depress us unduly. One may look into the face of failure and still keep his integrity and his hope undimmed. The triumphs of the year, in whatever field of endeavor, are but glittering baubles of transitory worth, unless courage and faith and honor have gone into the winning of them.

What is best is the comradeship along the way, those "trifling oddities of human intercourse" that make friendship so satisfying and that transform the companions of our pilgrimage into the friends of our hearts.

It is this growth of understanding with our friends that adds to the real wealth of the world, when "we and they are but a wistful memory."

We have learned in our College year that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," but that feet that faltered as they entered the race sometimes stepped most surely toward the goal.

The world is full of pathways that lead to undiscovered lands. Neither the nature of the land nor the exact direction of the path can be certainly known. It is enough if we walk in it with courage and good cheer.

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The "Vox" Executive wishes to thank the members of the Faculty and students whose contributions have enriched the pages of "Vox" during the College year and whose interest has stimulated and encouraged the members of the staff.

**REMEMBER "VOX."** The sportsmanlike spirit of students whose contributions were not used, and the willingness of all to help in some way are among the most satisfying of the year's memories.

In hoping for every student a summer of real recreation and delight, we suggest that you remember the College paper, and come back prepared to share with others the experiences, thoughts, and interests of the summer. "Vox" is YOUR paper. It gives you enviable opportunities for the cultivation of your abilities. Some time during the vacation some event or happening will occur worthy to be cherished in some form. "Vox" awaits with eager anticipation the contribution that YOU will

make through its pages to the pleasure and profit of the opening days of the new term.

### GREETINGS FROM A GRAD.

A message from an "old grad" to fledgling graduates of 1926! How difficult it is to write or say anything fresh; to express what is true and yet not commonplace; to unveil what is heart-felt and not seem sentimental! However, the release from the strain of the last final examinations; the happiness of attaining a long-ago dream; the pride of parents; the kindness and good wishes of friends and the elation of a new road to-morrow make you oblivious to the idle talk, sentimentalizing or wisdom of the "old grads." Their stories of former days are boring; their golden age uninteresting while their wistfulness is strange. And yet, in after days these will seem to have fitted into the scheme of graduation days.

Soon, you too, will review the throbbing pleasures and gripping pains becoming more conscious of a deep regret for poor efforts and of what an infinitesimal part your weak hands have clasped. You will begin to measure with more understanding the growth of college years; to feel more poignantly their present inadequacy and sometimes hopelessness. Although you will still love your alma mater and cherish the lasting friendships forged there you will yearn with a great longing for a better fulfillment of the promise of college life for the following generations of students. You will have a vision of a future for which you may strive—a youth that has no fetters; that can travel unwearied any distance; that can pierce any darkness and find the Truth that may drink deeply of every beauty and feel the joy of life as the trees the sap in spring time.

Now, as an "old grad" of '24 with a strong sense of kinship and being one step further on, I bid you welcome to the unbroken prairie of life. May it yield a hundred fold. —L.R., '24.

"Vox Wesleyana" wishes to express on behalf of itself, the staff and students, its sympathy with Miss Rutha Wilson, B.A., in the recent death of her mother. Miss Wilson, in this sad bereavement, will have the consciousness that the heart of every student goes out to her in great tenderness.



## Convocation

---

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

On the evening of Tuesday, April 6th, Wesley College and Manitoba College, institutions which for years have been serving side by side in the great field of higher education, held their first united convocation exercises in the auditorium of Young Church. Thus was the new order, replacing that which has stood for nearly forty years, heralded.

The presentation of degrees, diplomas and prizes, the convocation address, the valedictory—a simple score, yet one potent with the accumulated knowledge not of one generation, but of many.

The chairman of the programme was Rev. Dr. R. H. Bell, of Young Church. David McLennan was Valedictorian for the graduating Theological students, and Dr. R. A. Cochrane, of Augustine Church, delivered the Convocation Address. The content of their speeches follows.

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### ADDRESS TO GRADUATING CLASS—MANITOBA COLLEGE AND WESLEY COLLEGE

By Dr. R. A. Cochrane

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Students:

It is a very great pleasure so soon after my arrival in the West to have the privilege of saying a few words to the graduating classes of Wesley and Manitoba College.

I would like to congratulate you first of all on having reached one of the great milestones on life's journey. For many years you have dreamed of this hour. Through many strenuous sessions you have worked to attain it. A long series of examination tests had to be passed successfully before this height was reached. Reluctant as you are to say good-bye to all the fine associations of student days, it is, I am sure, a great satisfaction to realize that at last the period of preparation is over, and the door of opportunity is opened before you.

I congratulate you, too, on entering the ministry of the Church of Christ. It is a life work filled with toil, with sacrifices, and with many a hard experience; but for any man whose highest ideal is one of service to God and to his fellows, there is no life work so great in worth while and lasting rewards as the ministry of the Christian Church. You are following in a great succession. From the days of the Apostles until this day,

the martyrs, the evangelists, the teachers, the preachers and the missionaries of the Church of Christ, have numbered among them some of the finest and rarest souls of each passing generation. You have a wondrous heritage. You build on the foundations they laid.

In this land the ministry has held many a man of heroic mould, and many real nation builders. In my father's manse in the East, I met as a lad many of the stalwarts of the Canadian ministers of the last generation; and I have had a real opportunity in these later years, of knowing personally the rank and file of the men who have been the ambassadors of Christ of our own day in Canada. You will never have any reason to be ashamed of the manhood, the scholarship or the leadership of that company of ministers to which you now belong. Man for man they will more than bear comparison with the members of any other profession or calling in the land. You can hold up your head proudly and thank God for permitting you to belong to such a fraternity.

I congratulate you, too, in reaching the beginning of your life work at such an hour in the world's history. Writing of the period just succeeding the Napoleonic wars over one hundred years ago, Wordsworth wrote—"Bliss were it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young were very Heaven." This is doubly true "at this dawn." To be entering upon leadership for the Kingdom of God today—were bliss indeed!

How much larger a world you face than any previous generation. The world of Jesus' day,—of the Greeks and Caesars,—was confined geographically to the countries bordering on the Mediterranean. Up to five hundred years ago, the life of humanity was "in water tight compartments"; the white man lived in Europe, the black man in Africa, the red man in America, and the yellow man in Asia; and one continent hardly knew that the others existed. Then the era of discovery came and the white man proceeded to exploit the rest of the world for his own ends. But it took a world war to reveal to men the world as a whole. There is no longer a "terra incognita" anywhere.

It is such a small world today, too. Modern science has eliminated distance. The oceans no longer separate, they unite continents. The cable, wireless, and the radio have brought the ends of the earth close together. Every morning at our breakfast table, we read of occurrences everywhere in the world the night before. Never was humanity such an organic unity as at this hour. We are understanding that mankind is one physically, mentally and spiritually. It is harder than it ever was to be narrow, and provincial and insular in our thinking. Whether we will or no, the modern man has to think in world terms, and be a world citizen. Old barriers socially, nationally and internationally have been levelled during the last few years so quickly



that the conception of the family circle of humanity seems to have grown up over night.

When was there a generation of youth who faced a world so pliable, so plastic, so easily changed and moulded and remade? Institutions hoary with age have one after the other been demolished and dethroned. Everything seems to be in the melting pot. It is as if the world stood before the youth of the hour and said: "Here I am, make me anything you desire." What a day of opportunity!

Nor is this all. There seems to be a general agreement among thinking men, alike in Christian and non-Christian lands, that the hope of the world's civilization tomorrow lies in the application of the spirit of brotherhood as preached and lived by Jesus Christ. This old world is sick of the law of the jungle, tired of selfishness and hate and war, and is turning with a hope born to the Christ of Galilee. It is an hour of supreme challenge to the Christian Church. Men have a chance seldom offered before to proclaim everywhere the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Saviourhood of Jesus Christ. At this "zero hour" you begin your ministry. May you see this world opportunity and thank God that you have a share in the work of the Kingdom now!

You are to be congratulated, too, in entering upon your ministry in Western Canada at such a time. I have always been enthusiastic about my Canadian citizenship. But during the last three months I have had new visions of Canada, of her romantic past, of her strategic present, of her boundless latent resources and of her wondrous future. Because of our geographical position between the Occident and the Orient, we are evidently destined by God to play a somewhat important part in the future of the race. As the centre of civilization has been gradually shifting westward, it is possible that the theatre of the great world-events of tomorrow may be on the Pacific. Because of our vast unpeopled prairies, we are bound to receive millions of new settlers in the days ahead. The people of the older West and the still older East may meet finally on Canadian shores. If we do not send across the Pacific a message of Brotherhood, we will receive a word of Hate and Warfare back. Our immediate task is to make Canada Christian. You are still pioneers and adventurers for the Kingdom of God in the newer part of this great land. You go to exalt that Righteousness which alone makes a nation great. You are to insist on the primacy of the Spiritual and the Unseen. You are still to share in laying the foundations of the Canada that is to be. You undertake a task worthy of your best, of body and soul.

Once more I congratulate you on beginning your work in the first year of the United Church of Canada. You belong to an historic class; to the first students who go out with diplomas

from the United Church. I need not remind you that while union has been consummated, the days of re-adjustment are just begun. The problem of fitting three great ecclesiastical machines into each other so that they will move as one, is not easy of solution. The testing time of the new Church is now. The eyes of the Christian world are on us as we proceed to show that this greatest religious experiment since the Reformation is possible and is being guided by God. You are to have a part in making difficult but glorious Church history. Give yourself with faith and patience and love to organizing and energizing this first Church, born on Canadian soil. If ever a Church should appeal to youth, the United Church of Canada is one. It is a Church which has turned its back on the old denominational quarrels of yesterday. It has established a Church's right to re-state her faith in the light of new revelations of God and truth in the religious experience of men. It is the first Canadian Church with a mission field in every continent. This is a great adventure based on faith in the future and faith in God. Happy are you to be beginning your ministry in such a Church, in such a land, at such an hour! Remember that from those to whom much is given, from them much shall be required!

Perhaps before I close you will allow me a few words of counsel. While I am not yet one of the fathers, yet in the twenty years since I left my Alma Mater, I have learned one or two things about the Christian ministry which I would like to report to you tonight.

My observation has been that only the man with a positive religious message has any lasting power in the Christian pulpit. You will be students all your days, of course. You will endeavor to keep in touch with the latest scholarship in historical criticism, in science, in psychology, in metaphysics, in economics, in sociology. But you will not forget that you are to preach RELIGION—the religion of Jesus Christ—the experience of Christ you have in your own soul. What God reveals to you as Truth that you will declare. Do not worry about orthodoxy or heterodoxy. Ask: "Is it true for me?" then preach it and you will never want a congregation of eager listeners. Men care little about problems of criticism or theories of the atonement; but the man in the pew does want to know of a God who through Jesus Christ is able to help and keep amid all the distracting cares of daily life. Read at your leisure in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush," the story of the young minister who was advised by his mother, in his first sermon to "put in a gude word for Jesus Christ." You do that in every sermon!

I have learned, too, that no man is a true minister who does not yearn to shepherd and watch over his flock, with the same yearning which possessed the soul of his Master. There are some men today who tell us that pastoral visitation is out of date and



### DEBATING EXECUTIVE

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### DRAMATIC EXECUTIVE

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 Sitting—E. Thompson, G. Parsons, W. Bruce (President), Prof. A. L. Phelps, H. Hislop, B. Gislason.



unnecessary. I have the suspicion myself that in many such cases "the wish is the father of the thought." I can recall no preacher in Canada who made a lasting impression on his community who was not a faithful pastor as well. The truest minister "sits where his people sit" and shares their joys and sorrows. He is a better preacher when he does. The Roman Catholic confessional none of us covet. But there is a Protestant confessional which is one of the vindications of the Protestant ministry. A quiet secluded place, where, because they trust you as a Christian man, men and women will come to talk about their life problems and to lay bare their souls. You will find such an experience one of your humbling and searching joys. If you can win the boys and girls and gain their trust and friendship, too, you will find that the parents will give you their loyalty with eagerness.

Finally, I have learned by observation and experience, that one of your biggest problems as a minister, will be the culture of your own soul. You will come to understand something of what the great Apostle meant when he wrote, "Lest when I have preached to others I myself should be a castaway." You will have to fight for times of quietness, for opportunity to keep your "trysting hours" with God. No man ever led his people to a higher spiritual level than he himself has reached. Do not let the machinery of congregational life nor the mere ecclesiastical routine rob you of the time necessary to keep your friendship with the living Christ in repair! You will have no greater temptation. If you overcome it, you will have no more satisfying victory.

May you find the years of your ministry more full of joy and fruitage than you have never dreamed. May you have the consciousness of real fellowship with the living Christ every step of the way ahead! At the end of the day may you hear from Him the only worth while commendation of any Christian ministry, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

---

**VALEDICTORY**  
(By David A. MacLennan)

(Delivered at the First Annual Convocation of the United Theological Colleges of Manitoba and Wesley Colleges, Tuesday evening, April 6th, 1926, in the Auditorium of Young United Church.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the poetry of all people, as far back as we can go, life is a journey and man is a traveler. These old images of speech are like the vases dug up from the pyramids, carved with exquisite care, telling us what those who went before us found life to be. Pilgrims we are, members of a pilgrim race, and each of the

Seven Ages is neighbor to the rest, like the Canterbury Pilgrims, of whom Chaucer wrote, travelers telling tales to beguile the tedium of the journey. It is a long journey in which we journey together; but there are Inns along the way, kept by Father Time, in which we may take lodging for the night, and rest and reflect—like the Inn of Term's End, where we arrive to-night, in which there are cakes and ale, a merry albeit a **profoundly** learned company!—and much talk of the meaning of the journey and the incidents of the way.

Thus it is that on behalf of a little but a mighty company of wayfarers, who are to-night being courteously but firmly bowed out of the Inn and on to the Road by the Keepers of the Academic Inn, that I rise to pay tribute to them, our Noble Hosts; to greet you, our erstwhile fellow-guests and comrades; and to salute the approaching travelers just discernible yonder at the bend in the road. Mine Host hast evinced uncommon graciousness in computing his bill of expense for those of us who leave the hospitable air of his house. And yet, strange tremors clutched at our hearts as a moment ago, his Clerks rose to read the indictments against us, and to declare the amount of our indebtedness. Few Clerks extant merit or receive such reverent attention, and it was wisely accorded, for is not the legend writ upon their office, "Ye Registrar"? To our minds at that moment, came the conviction that the law and the prophets contain no word of better rule than this: Hope thou a little, fear not at all, and love as much as you can. But, lest sadness overtake us as we gaze out of the windows of the Inn back along the Way we have come, and forward along the Way to be traveled yet, let us add the words of Stevenson, who was a good traveler and the best of company:

"Away with funeral music—set  
The pipe to powerful lips—  
The cup of life's for him that drinks,  
And not for him that sips."

Yes, man is a traveler, and the winding road is ever the symbol of life. Once we are aware of ourselves as pilgrims on a journey, then the people and scenes about us reveal their real meaning and charm. Indeed, if we forget that life is a Pilgrim's Progress we have no clue at all to an understanding of it. For strangely enough, when we settle down to be citizens of this world, the world itself becomes an enigma and a riddle. By the same token, the great leaders and interpreters we have known (and no college group has been more enriched in this respect than our own), are the men in whom the sense of being pilgrims and strangers in the earth is the most vivid. It is the sojourners in the world, the manifest travelers to a Better Company, who get the most out of life, because they never forget the adventure of faith and the crusade of love. They quicken the divine

wanderlust in the souls of us, keeping us from trying to build houses of granite when we have only time to pitch a tent.

In the kindly air of the Inn of Term's End, where men make merry for a night, there is much congratulation upon so much of the journey safely done and much well-wishing for the way that lies ahead. Also, there is no end of complaint! Folk—and young folk, mark you—telling of aches, ills, upsets, and downfalls. All kinds of faiths and philosophies mingle, and sometimes there is not even agreement as to the meaning of goal of the journey. Little wonder! when there has been a marriage consummated so recently within the very walls!—the marriage of two downright, upright, outright types of personality who by their little disagreements bear witness to Love running her true course! Often one feels it takes one half of the company to keep the other half of the road. At last, such is the refining processes of the Pilgrimage, we find that Life is a Broad Highway upon which we are moving one way or the other and that while there are stragglers and tramps, for the most part the tourists are a jolly company of brave and gallant hearts, possessed of buoyant faith, lilting laughter and purging tears betimes. All of us together, following the Beloved Captain—Life to be lived in triumph as a glorious adventure, as Meredith did, in the word to be read on the modest slab which marks his grave:

“Life is but a little holding,  
Lent to do a mighty labor.”

When a man starts on a journey, he does not take everything with him, but only such things as he really needs. Life is thus a matter of discrimination and transportation. To know what to take and what to leave, even from college, is one of the finest of arts. It asks for insight, judgment and a sense of values, and we may well take counsel of the wisest minds. One reason the race moves so slowly is that it tries to carry so much with it, weighing itself down with old creeds, customs and no end of useless rubbish which ought to be thrown away.

How much does a man need for his journey? If the wisdom of the ages is to be believed (and we own the major portion of it!) the things we actually need are very few but they are very great: “There abideth Faith, Hope and Love: these three, and the greatest of these is Love.” To which let us add Courage, “lovely Courage,” which is the root of every virtue, without which life is too tame or too terrifying to endure. Wisdom is not enough: every one of our teachers has taught us that. A man may have a pocketful of proverbs and yet lose his way unless, like the Psalmist, he trust God, and makes His laws his songs in the house of his pilgrimage.

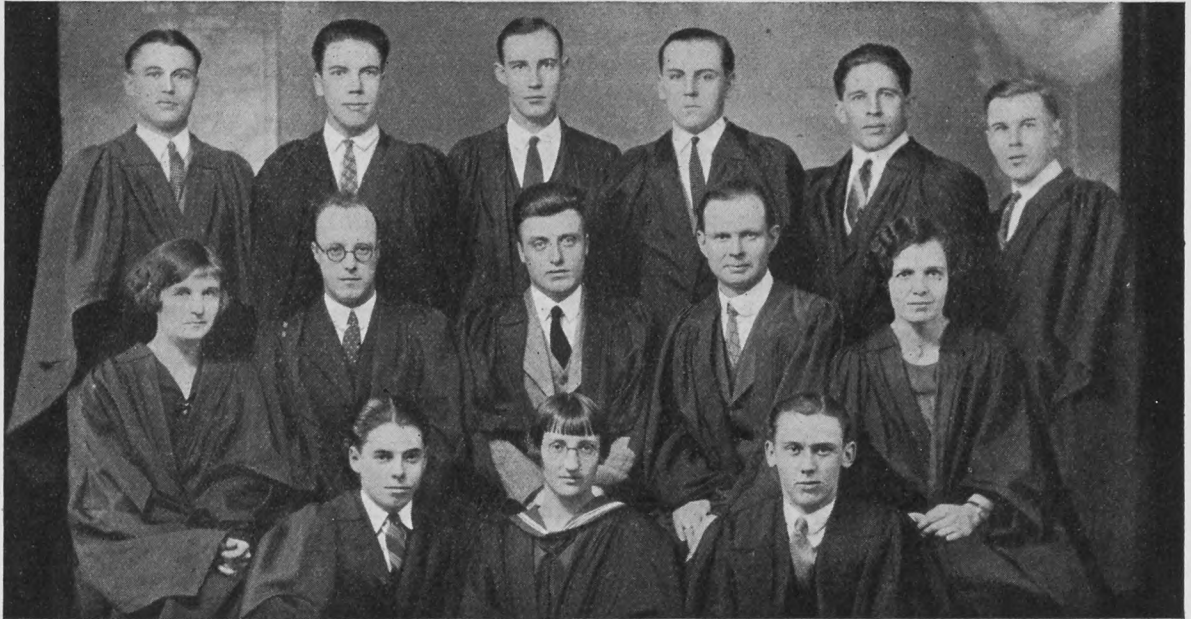
Well, what have we gained in these years of sojourn beneath those consecrated towers that mark our academic home?



Much that words were not meant to describe; much that will keep our feet in the path and our hearts in the race to the very end; much that we must carry with us till the last gong sounds, and lessons done, we homeward run. And for these gifts of the mind and heart, for the inspiration of the quest, we must thank those patient and kindest of hearts, our instructors. What an endlessly fascinating procession that Apostolic Procession is! O goodly fellowship! O glorious company of professors, we thy students praise thee! Thou art the Greathearts who patrol the road, rousing the skulkers who shirk danger and wander to no purpose, to don the armor and play the man! Often we have walked with angels unawares when we have walked with them. What is the mark whereby we may recognize an Angel? asked a mystic of olden time. He answered his own question by saying that Angels may be known by their gracious way of continually saying, "Fear Not!" That is, they are always Encouragers, and there is nothing our humanity needs more than angels of good cheer. And who among us, my fellow students, cannot bear ample witness to the fact of Encouragers at whose feet we have sat during the years now gone but swiftly ascending in Memory? Our Principals, those two Kings in Israel, where is their equal in all this broad and pleasant land? For insight, scholarship, clear thinking and sparkling contact with the issues of our age, joined with a genuine devotion and golden piety, where can you find the like of Dr. Riddell or Dr. MacKay? One, of the goodly tradition of Wesley, with mental acumen and rare executive gifts plays the role of Hero as Prophet; the other, with scholarship joined by mystic grace and Doric tongue, plays the Hero as Poet. Then, those "Deans of the Crew," towers of sweet reasonableness and gentle strength, Doctors John MacLean and Andrew Browning Baird. Who can ever forget the example they have given of sainthood living the life of learning. Over their studies' door is engraved the legend, words of the 16th century so often on Michael Angelo's lips during his own sunset years: "I Still Learn."

And those two youthful playfellows of the Ancients, making royal sport among the Pharaohs' tombs: Doctor E. Guthrie Perry, and Dr. Hetherington. Re-creators of the past, they have made it throb and vibrate with prophetic life. One day soon, our gracious sovereign will make amends for his long silence on their work, and with a sword shall give these men their due. Then, shall it be Viscount Hetherington of Esdraelon, and my Lord Perry of the Papyri?

Look you now, at those two lads by the fire, "thinking things through." Surely, these are the reincarnations of Plato and Hegel: Dr. J. Dick Fleming and Dr. Elliott! Ah, sirs, plain living and high thinking has lifted you twain to Olympus heights long, long ago. How often, after a searching discourse



### VOX STAFF

Back Row—G. Brisbin, L. Borland, L. Hopkins, B. Richardson, H. Dennison, J. Lysecki.  
 Middle Row—E. McKittrick, D. Owens, H. James (Editor), Prof. S. Johnson, K. McArthur.  
 Front Row—Lewis Wright, H. Anderson, G. Riddell.



### SOCIAL AND LITERARY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—T. McDonald, W. Benson, G. Whitlaw, B. Hitesman, S. Thompson (President), J. Fisher.  
 Second Row—E. McKittrick, M. Leech, Prof. W. Kirkconnell, Doug. Sparling, J. Coleman.  
 Front Row—H. Elliot, F. Hacking, B. King.

on "Systematics," has one student experienced the sensations of that hero of Stephen Leacock's who "mounted his horse and rode off in all directions"! But we owe to them an incalculable debt, for did they not open to us the doors of that Empire of the Mind, and cause us to seek Truth for Truth's own sake, even if the seeking brought a "pain in the mind."

Then that Chrysostom of the Westland, loaned to Knox Cathedral for a space—the Browning of the dons—Professor Kerr. Because of the inspiration of his presence as much as of his precepts we shall never read again God in a prose translation. Standing with him, that gracious lady who ever minded us that "what's best worth saying" **must** be heard, Miss Sutherland. Evermore she bid us keep our instruments fit and polished for use in that orchestra of the Master of all Good Melody.

They have all been our teachers. They taught us to think of God in the light of the highest truth our minds can know, and the purest ideal our hearts can dream; to learn to find Him everywhere, in our own souls, in our loved books, in "that One Face"; and in all the shapes which life and love and duty take.

We go forth then, with this goodly heritage, to read the meaning of life as a quest and conquest, in terms of freedom, fellowship and service; but to live it nobly, erect and unafraid, seeking its true values, obeying the law written in the heart by the Lord of all Good Life. We shall make our creed out of the truth learned by living—making it broad enough to include the purest, freest Soul the world has ever known—and to be as tolerant of others as we are severe with our own souls.

We leave you. To-night—laughter, handclasps, reminiscences, Godspeed. To-morrow—the Open Road, and the wind on the heath. We have learned that it is not length of days that matters, but quality of life, its depth, matter everything.

"For all emotions that are tense and strong,  
And utmost knowledge, I have lived for these.  
Lived deep, and let the lesser things live long:  
The lakes, the trees, the everlasting hills  
Who'd give their thousand years to sing  
This song of life I sing;"

You who remain have been jolly comrades; patient, helpful, loyal. We shall not forget you, for we are all in it together. Our names have but been posted a day ahead. Together we shall go out, please God to be Happy Warriors, fighting with new armor but fighting with the old chivalry, generosity, and courtesy—to make war with the Sword of the Spirit, with a courage as bright and an intelligence as keen as that of the white knights of olden time. Against all uncleanness, all unkindness, all bigotry and brutality, in defence of the weak and oppressed, the world-beaten and world-broken, we make war in the name of Him



whose Cross is our symbol to whom we offer our prayer; like the merciful and heroic knight in the brave days ago:

“Keep in thy pierced hands  
 Still the bruised helmet,  
 Let not their hostile bands  
 Wholly o’erwhelm it;  
 Bless my poor shield for me,  
 Christ, king of chivalry.  
 Keep thou my sullied mail,  
 Lord, that I tender  
 Here at Thy altar rail.  
 Then, let Thy splendour  
 Touch it once! and I go  
 Stainless, to meet the foe!”

Farewell . . . .

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### GRACE PARSONS—OUR NEW LADY STICK

Attractive social gifts and organizing ability of a high order form part of the valuable equipment which Grace brings to the responsible position of Lady Stick.

It was her splendid upholding of the prestige of Wesley in Dramatics that first made her famous, but her contribution to the life of the college as a whole and to Sparling Hall in particular has been very much worth while.

The confidence with which we look forward to a successful and happy year under her guidance is based upon our experience of her ability, graciousness, and “pep” during the past three years. We believe that the new President of the W.S.A. has both the will and the power to support the interests of Wesley Co-Eds. and in every way bring credit and honor to the Wesleyettes.



—K.W.M.

### THE HOCKEY GIRLS GO WEST

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A trip West— with the added attraction of playing hockey and with our spirits untroubled by studies and such cares, such was the lot of the 'Varsity girls hockey team which left here on Friday, February 5th, for far fields. After many handclasps we finally got away with "blessings," best wishes, a monkey for a mascot and penants (one a veritable Jacob's coat for colors).

Our first stop was Saskatoon and arrived there at 4.15 Saturday. Here we spent the week-end, playing one game Saturday night against the University girls in which they were overcome.

Monday left for Edmonton with suppressed desires for lattice windows and a Chemistry building in the "Gothic" style. We remained in Edmonton for the day, managing to go to "diners," a reception, a dance, and to play hockey. But a word about the game. It raged for three periods without a score on ice that was simply not there. In the overtime with four minutes to go Edmonton got a goal. It looked as if the game was over but with one minute to go—Spice raised the "rubber heel" over the defence and past the goalie to tie the score. We left Edmonton that night laden with souvenirs and bruises.

Westward ho! and we were on the final lap of our journey to Banff Winter Carnival, although somewhat subdued by the thought that we first played the Calgary Hollies—former World Champions.

Tuesday morning bright and early we got off the train at Calgary, broke our fast at the Lunch Counter, then boarded the Special for Banff. To our horror the Calgary Hollies were on the same train. Never the less we made the best of it. But it was hard to enjoy the wonderful scenery while one or another Holly was pricking us with the news that they had not had a goal scored against them for four years.

Arrived in Banff at dinner time and we managed to evade the procession headed by the band and went to get a much desired rest. At the hour of seven we "bussed" down to the rink. A section of the river surrounded by palisades reminding one of the good old days of the Indian raids but otherwise very cheering with Mt. Rundle beaming upon us.

We prepared for battle, girded up our skates and sallied forth (after putting good monk in his usual hanging position). We skated onto the ice—no round of applause (but as we're accustomed to that we didn't mind), then we gave the good old "Iji."

What ho! who is yonder cowboy with sombrero and ruddy cheeks—it is the referee and we are away.

The Hollies shot from every point and corner of the ice, either skating, sitting, turning or falling, but the good Lord was with us, and a heavy fog around our goal, so they didn't tally. Thus for three periods waged the war, with intermissions

when Dottie fished for the puck in the swimming hole at the side of the ice.

There was a change in the crowd—the Manitoba girls were holding down the Hollies, so they cheered, urged and begged us to keep up the war.

In the second overtime period Spice shot—and Dottie got the rebound, thus ending the struggle.

After the battle we were actually popular and were treated like long lost friends.

We spent Thursday sight seeing—visited the Museum, the Zoo, and driving around to well known places of interest.

Friday afternoon we played the Vancouver Amazons and after knocking them down as often as they smote us, emerged with two goals to their zero.

We were then confronted with a problem of the higher maths. sort whereby we had to play two teams in one day (we had to leave Saturday night) to obtain the championship. The committee was consulted and they granted us the right to play the two teams the next day—the weaker one in the morning—but they (Ferne) refused to play us then so we were forced to play the Edmonton Monarchs in the morning and if they beat us to take third place.

Needs must when the devil drives, so we did.

That night Dottie insisted upon eating pineapple fritters, food fit for the gods but not for hockey players.

The next morning we went to the rink and were surprised to find the ice actually ice and not  $H_2O$ , and our skates, sad to relate—dulled by care and strenuous slidding (and Dottie regretting her fritters). We attempted to play but our skates played us false—turned turtle and we fell often.

After a few such getting up and falling down exercises, the game was over and we were outscored 2 to 1.

That afternoon we were requested to play an exhibition game against Fernie. Dull care and sadness departed from us—we would revenge ourselves on the coal-diggers from Fernie. Our skates and sticks were sharpened and that afternoon before a tremendous crowd of well-wishers—we beat Fernie 2 to 1.

Our hockey games were completed, we could do as we liked so we went tobogganing—it was wonderful—but rather tiring to walk back.

We left Banff that night at ten—leaving behind us a host of friends and feeling satisfied with our trip of seven days, and wended our weary way to Winnipeg, in the broad open spaces “Where men are ice-hounds and women fancy skaters.”

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Mr. Line (in Chemistry Lab.)—“If anything goes wrong with this experiment, we shall all be blown sky-high. Now, gentlemen, gather round so you can follow me.”



## The Graduates' Farewell

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As there is an end to everything, so there was an end to the social life of the '26 Class as students of Wesley College. It happened on the evening of Friday, April 23rd, when Convocation Hall opened its doors for the last time in the lighter mood to those grand old Seniors who go from us this year. The occasion was the Annual Graduates' Farewell.

An air of meditative sadness, which spread itself over the programme, was not altogether dispelled by the social hour which closed the evening. Coffee grew cold in its cups and sandwiches stood neglected on the sides of the saucers while many pens wrote familiar names where they and the faces that smiled above them might live forever—pens whose scratching was to the halls of Wesley as the song of the swan to this earth.

Prof. Skuli Johnson presided over the interesting programme, which suggested again and again the proximity of a change—of a loss. Miss Ada O'Neill delivered the valedictory address, and Prof. Watson Kirkconnell brought a message from the Faculty to the departing seniors. The Senior Stick was presented to Lloyd Borland by Leith Draper, and the new Lady Stick, Miss Grace Parsons, was given her insignia of office by Miss Iva Stewart. Shields, cups and athletic awards for the year were presented by Prof. O. T. Anderson and Carl Halstead.

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### A MESSAGE FROM THE FACULTY (By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have been asked by the graduating class to bring them a brief farewell message from the Faculty. My pleasure in that privilege is mixed with the regret of parting. When the '26 class were freshmen in the student body, I was a freshman on the Faculty. They adopted me as their own, and we have had a happy college course together. And when I return next autumn and find them missing, I shall feel like one who has failed on his examinations and has been left behind.

For the '26 class I have to-night no moral exhortations. I am not going to preach to you: (1) Because no man is fitted to preach to any other. Even preachers do so only in a dubious representative capacity, and I have not even that excuse. (2) Because youth is the natural period of ideals. I have no patience with those who claim that the young people of our time have gone rotten. On the contrary, I feel that they have higher ideals and a broader outlook on life than the youth of earlier days.

I only urge that you should not lose your ideals, your hopes for yourselves and your faith in the world. There is very real

# PERMANENT EXECUTIVE '26

Professor  
Watson  
Kirkconnell, MA.  
Hon. Pres.

Mary B. Leech  
Vice-President

H. Leith Draper  
President

H. Robson  
Secretary

Ada G. O'Neill  
Valedictorian

danger of that loss. The idealism of youth is closely associated with the intolerance of inexperience. There is a type of youthful mind to which all things are either black or white, and anything less than white is black. But more and more the years will bring home to such minds the fact that life, and all the motives and acts of man are neither wholly black nor wholly white but merely poor human shades of grey. And in time they even attain the introspection of maturity, and realize that their own impulses are ringstraked and spotted. The result is, or should be, tolerance, but all too often there comes also tolerance's twin-sister Cynicism. The realization of the complexity of human motive, the fallibility of the human mind, and the weakness of the human will may lead them to feel that in the universal grey no whiteness can exist, even as an ideal. Against that tragedy of lost faith in the years to come I would give you earnest warning.

My message to you to-night has to do, however, with other considerations. Its direct concern is with the intellectual training you have been receiving during the past four years.

Now I would not have you imagine that you are at last educated. I would not have you repeat the mistake of the girl graduate who waved her diploma in the air and shouted "Educated, b'gosh!" There is no such thing as a completed course in education. Education should end only with life itself. It should be a progressive, unabating process of self-realization.

As for your college training, there can be no parallel between a college and a factory. Students are not raw materials which are submitted to a process and emerge as a finished product. They are, rather, human beings who possess potentially a capacity for intelligent self-direction and self-mastery. However feebly we may labor for it, our one great endeavor as teachers is to evoke from you that power of self-direction and self-control, to turn you out better able to master for yourselves each new problem you meet, better able to make your minds serve your wills through all the strenuous duties of life.

You are, therefore, at the beginning of your education instead of at the end of it. College has been only a kindergarten from which you pass into a great school of independent endeavor. And only as you rise to the responsibilities of the new school and carry on your great task of self-realization without the supervising care of instructors, will you achieve that fulness of character which is the object of life.

With all this in view, I shall venture to submit to you two concrete, practical pieces of advice.

1. Never cease from a careful study of your mother tongue. Language is the greatest of man's tools. It is likewise the most indispensable, for it is essential to all the relations of life. Your power to interest and persuade others, to take your place in a world of thinking men and women will depend on your



command of language. A dentist who set up business with only a pair of pliers and a brace and bit would be no less ridiculously inadequate than a man who hoped to enter into all the complex relationships of modern civilization without a correct and copious vocabulary. And on the tongue of a master, language becomes a keen, two-edged sword, quick to cleave through sophistry and folly.

But adequacy of language is not only necessary for speech. It is also vital to your very capacity to think. The fulness, richness, and accuracy of your thinking will be largely proportionate to your vocabulary.

By all this stress on language I am not urging that you collect a menagerie of the great dinosaurs of speech and parade them daily to the terror of your neighbors. In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of sesquipedalian ponderosity. No, I refer to the thousands of simple, potent words that you recognize but never use—trenchant words, poignant words, words that without effort can quietly suggest unutterable affectionate study.

II. My second bit of counsel goes deeper than the first. It is that you should resolve to read more seriously after graduation than you ever did before.

Language is not merely a tool. It is the garment of the human spirit, past and present. A mere study of language for its own sake would be barren and jejune. But clothed in words there walk through the pages of books the spirits of the great, the heroic, the tragic, and the wise—men whose intensity of experience compelled them to give humanity a written record of their thought and emotion. Your own lives are not likely to be great or dramatic. Your direct experience of life will probably be very limited, although you will not escape some of the profound simplicities of existence that come to all men and women. But the narrow limits of your lot will not absolve you from the responsibility of seeking to live fully and intensely. Do not close your eyes to the possibilities of life, or announce with shallow piety that you will achieve full moral and intellectual development in another world. Do not let that one talent which is death to hide be lodged with you useless. Do not let the development of your minds and hearts be put off, to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow on the way to dusty death. And in that self-realization, that sacramental process of growth, the vicarious experience of great men, living in books, can give you abundance of life.

Therefore do not give up reading when you leave college. Resolve that in every new year you will read more and learn more than in any preceding year of your lives. Read novels (but only those that time has tested), read biography and essays and

history, read drama, above all read poetry—for there the white heat of human emotion finds its most flaming and transfigured expression.

Literature is an interpretation of life—an interpretation you will steadily value more as the years pass and your own experience deepens. Then you will realize with an unfailing wonder the richness and profundity and infinite worth of the human spirit in all its expressions. A deathless company cries out to you from the printed page to enter daily into the fulness of your human inheritance. To fail from constant fellowship through books with those spirits of great men made immortal is to fail from one of your highest duties.

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### VALEDICTORY

By Ada G. O'Neill

(Delivered at the Wesley College Grads' Farewell, Friday,  
April 23rd, 1926.)

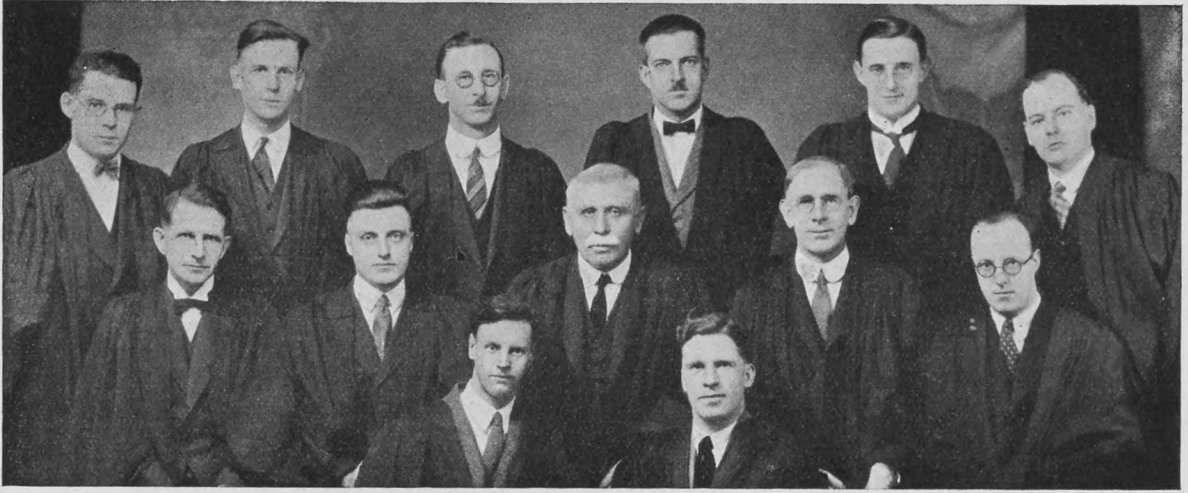
Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

As I rise this evening, on behalf of the graduating class, to endeavor to express the feelings which come over us, as we leave the halls of old Wesley, I am deeply impressed with the inadequacy of words as an expression of our innermost emotions. Perhaps a line from Keats would best describe the position in which I found myself, when, speaking of the thoughtful Madeline, he says:

"But to her heart her heart was voluble."

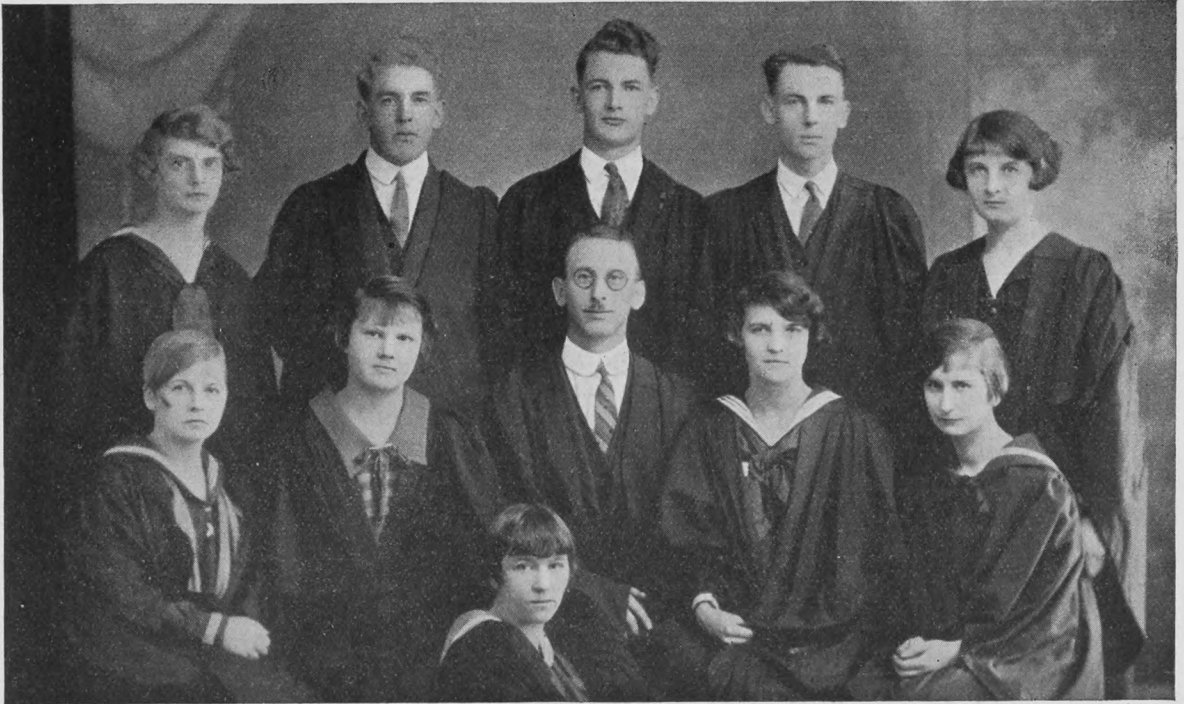
And so, as I stand before you, I am conscious of mingled sensations, an inevitable result of severing associations which have become dear to us. In thinking of what I might say on this occasion I have come to realize that under certain circumstances those things which at times sound commonplace are not really so. If to those of you who are standing on the threshold of your college career what I say may seem mere sentimental jargon I crave your indulgence and assure you that the time will come when you will find that even the most manly of the graduating class may well feel a tugging at his heart strings as he realizes that we have come to the end of our happy sojourn together as college students. Surely, then, toleration may be hoped for by a representative of the "femininity" of the class, who, in spite of subjection to a rigid course in Eighteenth Century Literature, still finds herself hopelessly sentimental.

May I first express my deepest gratitude to my classmates for the privilege which they have accorded me. When some weeks ago I was chosen to represent them as their valedictorian I found myself so completely surprised that I fear I did not even say "Thank you." To-night I find there is little more than that which can be said. During the past few weeks a heavy



### THEOLOGICAL CLASS

Standing—S. McLeod, H. Robson, D. Sparling, R. Frayne, S. Parsons, Ed. Clarke.  
 Sitting—J. J. Stewart, H. James, Dr. J. H. Riddell, Prof. A. E. Hetherington, David Owens.  
 Front—D. Cavers, J. Howes.



### S.C.M. EXECUTIVE

Back Row—Willa Griggs, Pearson Griggs, C. Matchett, H. Robson, E. McKittrick.  
 Centre Row—Hazel Elliot, J. McDonald, Doug. Sparling (President), I. Stewart, K. Heyes.  
 Front Row—Merle McDonald.



sense of responsibility has at times, tended to loom larger than a sense of honor conferred upon me but that is past, and this evening I am sincerely grateful. To be asked to deliver a valedictory address is, in itself, an honor. To be asked to say farewell on behalf of the '26 class—which even our esteemed principal has admitted to be “the best ever”—is an extraordinary privilege.

Four short years ago we entered the doors of Wesley, verdant, it is true, but enthusiastic and hopeful. To-day we pass out from her halls into the world beyond and it is only fitting that we should pause a while and ask, “What has Wesley meant to us?” The question is not easily answered for her contribution has been varied and in many ways intangible. With examinations, the “Giant Despair” of a student’s pilgrimage, staring us in the face and three weeks of steady grind ahead, we might be tempted to say that our stay in Wesley has meant a long series of interminable essays, history reading reports, weary hours in the lab, lectures which we have longed to skip and semi-annual sieges of torture when, it would seem, we are expected to reproduce all we know, a great deal which we have forgotten and more we never heard of. But this would be a distorted view, possible only in the unhealthy atmosphere of “Doubting Castle.” In reality we have enjoyed even our work here—and, in spite of proverbial assurances that work is a mere incidental in the life of our modern university student, we have worked. We have come to a conscious realization of at least some of the rich resources of the kingdom of the mind. We have come in contact with the minds of the great thinkers of the past; we have watched the steady march of peoples on the highway of nationhood. Some of us have delved into the mysteries of advanced mathematics and scientific inquiry, all of us have found our outlook broadened, our intellectual life deepened. Much that we have learned we will forget. Perhaps we would not have it otherwise but we are optimistic enough to deny emphatically the insinuation that we are going out “to bury” our brains. The book friendships which we have made we hope to cultivate, we may even do some of the reading we have not found time for in the last four years.

Continuing our retrospect we cannot escape the memory of innumerable good times together. Initiation, the informal reception and the formal opening of the college, in the fall of '22, were but the prelude to four happy years. The fact that we were formally welcomed to these halls on Friday, the 13th, could not dampen the enthusiasm of the class which has been noted for its “life, vim, vigor, pep.” It is true that our first class party threatened to end tragically but as long as a door could be broken from its hinges nothing as insignificant as a band of sophomores could prove more than a temporary obstacle

to our indomitable class spirit. Since that time our life has been a succession of successful class parties, stunt nights, college dinners and delightful "pink teas."

We have welcomed three classes of "verdant freshmen," we have said farewell to three classes of "grand old seniors." To-night we find ourselves seated very much in the lime-light, our picture occupying a prominent place on the platform, while the names which adorn the programmes are our names, and once more a sense of sadness creeps in upon our happy memories.

We shall miss the library with its opportunities for enjoying the heritage of the past, we shall miss our good times as part of the college student body, but, above all, we shall miss the friends we have made. Perhaps no single contribution of a college course to the life of a student is as rich as that of the opportunities for fine friendships which it offers. In September of 1922 we gathered together, a group of strangers. At that time we numbered about eighty, but, like the pilgrims of Arnold's "Rugby Chapel," we have found our numbers diminished. Some fell by the way overcome by the storms of financial distress, some failed to scale the steep cliffs of examinations. Others were allured by the charms of by-paths and distant fields and now, having come within sight of our goal we find that

"We, we only are left."

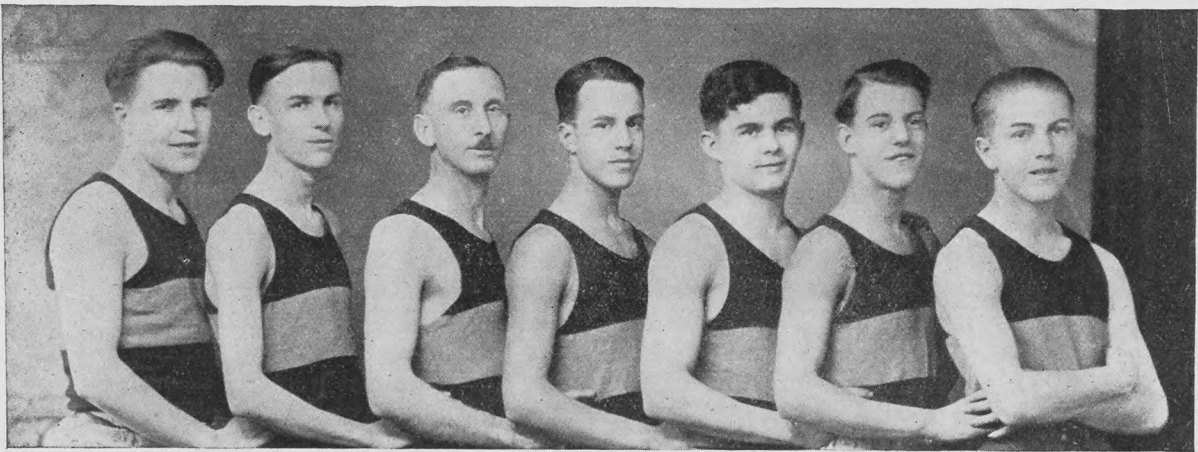
If few in numbers we have endeavored to counteract quantity by quality. The members of our class have been recruited from the length and breadth of these prairie provinces. We represent various denominations, we have had widely different experiences and each one of us has had a contribution to make to the class of '26 through his or her individual personality. One whom we have been privileged to consider as one of ourselves has, in himself, showed interests diverse enough for the whole of an ordinary class for the '26's have been particularly fortunate in having adopted Prof. Kirkconnell, not merely as an honorary president, but, as a "big brother." For four happy years we have worked together and played together, in the class room, on the campus, in our social activities. We have shared in that rich fellowship which leads to the close cementing of friendships. And now we separate to go our various ways. Striking changes are certain to take place in the life that is ahead. Even at present we know that, in a few short months, some of us will be separated by thousands of miles, yes, that the mighty ocean will roll between us, and we are thankful that distance does not necessarily sever the chain of friendship.

As we think of those friends we have made in our college days we would not forget the members of our faculty, for truly we have come to regard you as friends. You have led us into the paths of knowledge and guided our erring feet, you have offered us instruction which we feel cannot easily be surpassed. But it



### SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—H. Dennison, H. Funk, L. Draper, S. Wright.  
 Middle Row—W. Benson, L. Hopkins, M. Willis (captain), S. Thompson, J. Lysecki.  
 Front Row—K. Smith, H. Bell.



### MEN'S SENIOR BASKETBALL

Bill Weekes, H. Robson, Doug. Sparling, G. Furnival, S. Thompson, E. Furnival, C. Johnson.



is not as part of an academic machine that we most fully appreciate you. In the days prior to our personal acquaintance with the faculty of Wesley we tended to regard all college professors as beings to be looked upon with awed reverence because of their encyclopaedic knowledge. Four years under the kindly aegis of our Alma Mater have somewhat changed our impression. We would still be willing to vouch for your professorial erudition but we have learned that you are after all, extremely human. You have proved to us that you are true gentlemen and the best of good sports. A readiness to enter into our activities, to sympathize with us in our problems, to give of your best that we might be prepared for the tasks which will confront us, has characterized your attitude towards us. We are ready to forgive you the hours of collateral reading and essay writing which you have so cruelly demanded and remember you for your genial comradeship. In the years that have past we have made mistakes, we may not always have lived up to your expectations of us. If, at times, we have disappointed you, we ask you to be kind in your judgment of us that your memories of the '26 class may be pleasant ones. The debt of gratitude which we owe to you we can hope to repay only by striving, as we go out into life, to be true to the ideals which you have placed before us.

To-day for the last time we have taken our places in the familiar class rooms of old Wesley. Three short weeks and the work of our college course will be over. On the morning of May 20th we will receive our diplomas and have conferred upon us "the degree of Bachelor of Arts and all the rights and privileges thereto pertaining." The class of '26 will have become a matter of history. To many of us it seems as if we had somehow come to the end of things and it is perhaps well to remind ourselves, in the words of George Eliot, that "every limit is a beginning as well as an ending." We have come to a limit, to a boundary line in our lives, but, in our enthusiasm for the days which are gone, we must not forget that a challenge lies ahead of us. Graduation is also Commencement, the commencement of our training in the wider school of life. As we step over the threshold of our beloved college and her doors swing closed behind us we are stepping out to take our place as active citizens, in the world in which we live. The immediate future will inevitably be lonely and next September we may find ourselves wishing that we could once more enroll as those verdant freshmen. But the irresistible urge of the youthful enthusiasm within us will carry us on to new interests. It may be only because we are young that we refuse to admit that we are going into "a cruel, cold world." We may eventually find ourselves forced to agree that life is "an inevitable process of diminishing enthusiasm," but at present it stands before us as a grand, glorious future, full of adventure and of splendid opportunities, a future in which we may do our

little part in striving to make this old world a better and happier place for the generations which will come after us.

We would not have you think, Mr. Chairman, that we view the world through rose colored spectacles, or, that we refuse to face the facts of life. We realize that a college degree does not entitle us to any bed of ease. The letters which we will be privileged to place after our name will in themselves, mean little. A story is told of one of the kings of England, who, walking down the streets of a city, found his attention arrested by an unusual sign-board bearing the significant words, "Professor of Universal Knowledge." His curiosity aroused the king determined to enter the building and interview the person who made such sweeping claims. Finding himself in a dim room he asked its only occupant if he were the Professor of Universal Knowledge. On receiving a reply in the affirmative the king revealed his identity and expressed his desire to test the professor.

"I shall return to-morrow," he said, "that you may tell me how many baskets it would take to hold the earth in yonder mountain, how much I am worth and what I am thinking of when I come."

The King went away, leaving the professor deeply perplexed. His anxious pacing to and fro attracted the attention of Pat, his Irish valet, and before the evening was over he asked his master what was troubling him. The professor replied that the king had been there and was to return the next day to hear the answer to three questions.

"Shure, and what are the questions?" asked Pat.

On being told the three questions propounded by the king, Pat thought a moment and replied: "You leave it to me. When the king comes to-morrow I myself will interview him."

The following day the king returned and Pat, true to his agreement, appeared in the professor's cap and gown. When greetings had been exchanged the king asked his first question.

"How many baskets would it take to hold the earth in yonder mountain?"

"Shure," replied Pat, "two would do it, if they were big enough, and, if they were only half as big again, it would take four."

The king was surprised but asked his second question.

"How much am I worth?"

The Irishman thought a moment and then answered: "The best man that ever lived on this earth was sold for thirty pieces of silver and you're not worth more than he."

"And what am I thinking of?" said the king.

"Shure you are thinking I'm the professor, and I'm not."

So in life we will find that we will have to rely on our Irish common sense rather than on any academic degree. For the past four years we have lived in a world of our own. We are passing

from it into a larger world where we will be judged by different standards, where we will be surrounded by different associations, where we will be confronted with new problems. We must of necessity pass through a period of adjustment but if we remain true to our best selves, if we are faithful to our ideals, if we face the tasks of life unflinchingly that is all the world can demand.

Graduation brings with it a responsibility to be carried by each one of us. A college graduate is, indeed, a privileged person. There are hundreds of men and women in the world who would have given much to have had the opportunity which has been ours. Sacrifices have been made that we might be given the best possible chance to fit ourselves for success in life. Some months ago I cut from a paper, which I happened to be reading, a clipping which contained these words from an address given by Prof. Graham Taylor of Chicago: "Do not forget that your university education is costing a great deal more than you or your father will ever pay for it. Therefore return glorious light for all the oil that is being poured into the lamp of your life." To us, the graduates of 1926, that challenge comes, a challenge from this growing dominion of ours with the tremendous problems with which she has to cope. It is a challenge which comes demanding that we respond to it with the best that we can give of service to humanity.

In the wider world of which we so soon will form a part two alternatives will face us. We can if we will, fall down and worship the almighty dollar, give up our training and our talents to the task of making a living; or, we can join the band of noble men and women who, in no matter how small a way, have tried to serve their day and generation and expend our energies in the task of making a life. It seems to me, Mr. Chairman, that we will not be true to the traditions of our Alma Mater if our outlook is merely a material one, if we allow ourselves to become lost in the mad rush for gold. A true education is more than a mere acquisition of knowledge, it is the building of a character. The aim of our college training has been to teach us to live. If we have learned our lesson well the business of earning a living will take care of itself. Whether we will it or no each one of us will make an impression on the lives of those around about us, for, truly, "no man liveth unto himself." We can no more escape the influence that follows our deeds than a man can jump clear of his own shadow. How far that influence may spread we cannot know but each of us can determine whether ours shall be an influence for good or evil. We cannot hope to revolutionize the universe but we can make some contribution to the happiness of this old world. Perhaps, like the stranger who comes to the boarding house in Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," we might each revolutionize some corner in the community in which we find ourselves.



Bidding our Alma Mater a fond farewell, we go out to accept the challenge of life. To those of you whom we leave behind we pass on the torch of Wesley's tradition. "Be yours to hold it high." The reputation of the college which we love is in your hands and ours. May we do all in our power to add to her prestige, do nothing that would place a stain upon her colors. For Wesley, her students and staff we wish the best the future can bring. Whatever changes may be brought about in her policy may she long continue to inspire young lives with her high ideals, to lend a helping hand on the pathway of preparation for service.

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### ANNUAL AWARDS OF THE ATHLETIC, DEBATING, AND SOCIAL AND LITERARY COUNCILS

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An important feature of the Grad's Farewell function was the presentation of the Debating Cup, the Stunt Night Shield, and the Athletic awards, which included the Inter-Class Hockey Cup, won by First Year, and many Major and Minor "W's."

Mr. C. N. Halstead presented the Debating Cup to the Graduating Class and the Stunt Night Shield to Third Year.

Prof. O. T. Anderson, Honorary President of the Athletic Council, presented the colors won during the year. Wesley students had distinguished themselves in more branches of sport during the college terms than any previous year, he said. The girls' basketball team, in winning the University of Manitoba inter-faculty championship were presented with the highest award the council confers. Each member of the team received a "W" on a crest. Members of the team were the Misses Celia Pettypiece (captain), Velma Smith, Alice Holland, Iris Mackay, Mary Forrest, Jean Coleman, Kae Knight, Jenepher Fisher and Teenie Nirman. Reginald Penwarden, through his distinguished work on the track team, also won the major award, while Cecil Render, Herbert Bell and Annie Vyrenhock received their minor "W" in track. Earl Thomson and Hazel Anderson, having previously received a similar award, could not again qualify, though receiving honorable mention. Members of the championship inter-faculty girls' hockey team presented with the "W" were the Misses Jessie Fowler, Francis Pratt, Tena McDonald and Merle McDonald. Honorable mention was given Miss Rutha Wilson, Hazel Anderson, Avis Anderson and Dorothy Stevenson, who had gained the crest previously. Minor "W's" were awarded to Walter Benson and Maurice Willis in football. Henry Funk received honorable mention. These three were also members of the 'Varsity football team that won the Western Canada university football championship. Wesley Vickery, Earl Thompson and Stanley K. Johnston won the minor crest in hockey with Lewis Wright receiving honorable mention. Basketball "W's"

were won by Harold Robson, Donald Smith and Douglas Sparling, while Wesley Brown received honorable mention. Wesley pins were presented to Einar Einarsson and John Bildfell for their work in coaching the girls' hockey team to championship.

### LLOYD BORLAND—SENIOR STICK ELECT

Student Government as Wesley will be headed during the coming year by Lloyd Borland, one of those modest workers who has ably demonstrated his ability during the past three years.

Lloyd came to Wesley from Crandall, Manitoba, in 1923, as a verdant freshman, managed to weather the storm of his sophomore year, and behaved himself very nicely as a junior during the past session.

His pleasing personality, his steady and dependable work in athletics, and his quiet efficiency in all student activity, have marked him as an excellent choice for the position he will fill next year. Wesley looks forward to big things next session, with Lloyd Borland as Senior Stick.



### GRADUATES' FAREWELL RECEPTION

A farewell reception in honor of the Wesley College graduating class was given by the Wesley Women's Association, at the home of Mr. F. T. Telfer, 573 Gertrude Avenue, on the evening of May 8th.

A good representation of graduates and others enjoyed the delightful programme of contests and the awarding of prizes. The readings given by Mrs. Druden were also duly appreciated. A social time followed and a dainty luncheon was served.

Dr. Riddell expressed words of appreciation for the work which the Wesley Women have accomplished in the past for the College and the resident students. Mr. Leith Draper spoke on behalf of the graduating class, thanking the Wesley Women and Mr. and Mrs. Telfer for the enjoyable evening spent together as a class before the Graduation Exercises. His words were fittingly closed by the '26 Yell and a rousing Buka-la-ka.

## The Baccalaureate Service

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A former Methodist and a former Presbyterian college uniting for their Baccalaureate Service in a former Congregational Church—surely the very essence of Union. On Sunday evening, April 4th, Wesley and Manitoba faculties and student bodies met for their annual baccalaureate sermon in Central Congregational Church.

Rev. Dr. George Laughton, pastor of Central Church, was preacher for the occasion. Following the sermon, President Riddell, of Wesley College, spoke a farewell word to the graduates, giving them a standard of service to carry through life.

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### BACCALAUREATE SERMON

By Rev. Geo. Laughton

Taking as his text the well-known words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,—and thy neighbor as thyself," Dr. Laughton preached on: "The life that is worth living." He said in part:

"The late Mr. W. H. Lecky was right when he told his students that the three great arts to which the intelligence and volition of man should be directed were Religion, Altruism, and Self-Culture." We are now coming to see that the most important movement in modern thought is the growing belief in the value of personality. Everything in this world takes on its character and its worth according as it related to man and appropriated to his uses. Apart from man all earthly music is silent and all material splendors are dissolved. But this principle works two ways. A man reveals his own character by his attitude toward the things that are presented to him for judgment. This is nowhere better illustrated than in a man's attitude toward life. Is life worth living? It can only be worth living where it is worthily lived. And in our text there is revealed to us the principle by which we can make life a beautiful and worthy enterprise. Thou shalt love God—that is Religion. Thou shalt love thy neighbor—that is Altruism. Thou shalt love thyself—that is Self-Culture. A man's relations to God take precedence of all other relations. Because God is what He is and man is what he is; man's relations to God are the paramount relations of life. To make connection with the Higher Powers is the final spiritual purpose of every man's life. If he misses this he impoverishes his life, he defrauds his soul, he commits spiritual suicide. This is what Jesus meant when He said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." On the other hand, a man may seem to miss everything that gives volume and power and intensity to this earthly existence, but if while journeying through these mortal



years, he has done justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with his God, then when the measure of his days are completed it shall be found that he has made the best of two worlds. In this world the peace of God that passeth all understanding has been his portion, and in the other world, in Zion, he is certain to stand justified before his God.

The next branch of this principle is Altruism—Thou shalt love thy neighbor. When a man has entered in the right attitude toward God he quickly perceives that the Divine plan is larger than his own little life and that it includes other people's interests and destinies. It is always and everywhere true that none of us liveth unto himself. We are either lifting the world up or we are dragging it down. We are either giving a contribution to it or we are cursing it with a liability. We are enriching human life or we are helping to bankrupt it. The hearts out of which flow the love and sympathy that brighten the waste places of the earth are the hearts that are open widest on the Godward side. And so the true Christian must be an altruist. That means we must have eyes to see the need of the people, ears to hear the cry for help, and hearts to understand that there is a plea and a place for kindness in every human life. We best show our love to the Father of us all by being kind to some of His other children.

Then, lastly, there is Self-Culture. You know what a cultured plant is, what a cultured voice is, what a cultured mind is. Well, Self-Culture simply means that all right qualities of mind and heart have been cultivated and all wrong qualities have been uprooted. There are some people whose souls are like a desert over which the simoons of worldliness have swept and on whose bosom a flower never bloomed. Others there are who may seem to be uncouth and untutored, their knowledge is markedly limited, and yet you feel that they have cultured themselves unto godliness. They remind you of Jesus. And when we come to realize the tremendous demands this principle entails upon us we shall see all the more need to turn for guidance to Him who met those demands. Jesus is the highest exponent of Religion, Altruism, and Self-Culture. He loved God. He loved His neighbor, and so cultured was He that we speak of Him as the God-man. He is our example. What He was we may be. We have only to make a whole-hearted surrender to His plea—Follow Me, and behold we are lifted out of the region of godlessness, selfishness and sin, unto the ampler, purer regions where dwell those whose lives are a replica of that life which was the Light of men. And this is the only life that is worth living."

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The girl graduates in residence entertained Miss Bowes, Dean of Sparling Hall, at a delightful luncheon at the Nankin Gardens on Saturday, May 15th.



### STUDENT REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL

Back Row—G. Riddell, H. Parker, L. Hopkins, H. Funk, D. Sparling, H. Robson, L. Boreland, R. Hall.

Centre Row—L. Wright, J. McDonald, I. Stewart (Lady Stick), H. L. Draper (Senior Stick), Prof. O. T. Anderson (Honorary President), W. Bruce, H. Dennison.

Front Row—C. Pettypiece, A. O'Neill.

Absent—H. James, J. McLeod.



### WESLEYETTE STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Back Row—A. Anderson, J. McDonald, M. DeYoung, G. Parsons, E. McKittrick, R. Wilson.

Centre Row—A. O'Neill, I. Stewart (Lady Stick), Mrs. O. T. Anderson (Honorary President), K. Knight, G. Lyons.

Front Row—C. Pettypiece.

### HAS WESLEY A PERSONALITY?

This is indeed a peculiar question; for how could Wesley College, an inanimate thing, possess a personality?

But, is she inanimate?

What is it that constitutes what is known from coast to coast, a Wesley? Is it simply that which one finds enclosed within the four tall and stately sand-stone walls, situated just off Portage Avenue, Winnipeg? To me the answer is most emphatically in the negative.

Modern philosophers are puzzled over the term personality, I suppose on account of the element of infiniteness which is attached to it. And yet is it not this very element which gives to personality its one great mark of definition.

"I am a part of all that I have met," says Tennyson. The implication is that all who have come in contact with the "me" of the "I" are more or less a part of that "me." One might readily class this as a "transfusion of personality." On account, therefore, of this transfusion, personality is not limited to the confines of the physical person from whom the personality derived its source of emanation—but it exists in all spheres with which there has been a contact.

So it is with Wesley. There is this spiritual element which has emanated from her halls—and has spread itself over the universe—until a great personality has been gradually formed.

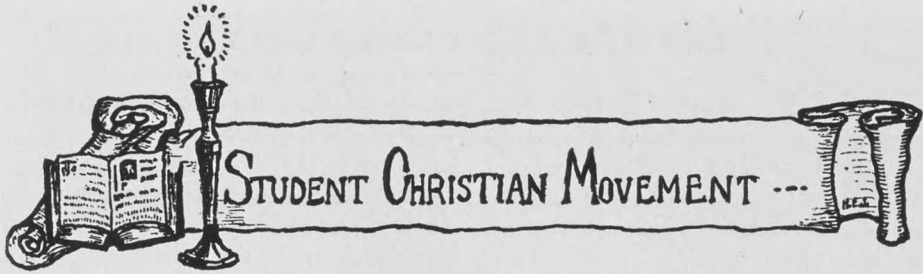
Professors, students, and the class-room constitute a college. "College" then is a component term made up of these three terms, two of which are animate. Wesley has had a series of venerable, Christian-cultured professors, and a changing throng of eager and hopeful students, all of whom have "given and received" in the fellowship of the class-room, halls, and campus. There has been a transmission of learning, and a transfusion of personality, and now, when the term "Wesley" is heard or uttered in the West, it has no single application, but refers in content to a great body of individuals who have taken of her—and whose personalities are more or less her products.

If, some night, a strange occurrence would take place, and the stately structure on Portage Avenue, vanish, would Wesley be no more? Wesley can never die! A great personality cannot be affaced, for the stone that she has thrown in the ocean of life has set up rings of influence which will forever expand. Love for her pulsates in a multitude of breasts: Yes, a love that will for ever be unmeasured because it knows no end.

"The love that is kept in the beauty of trust,  
Cannot pass like the foam from the seas,  
Or a mark that the finger hath traced in the dust,  
When 'tis swept by the breath of the breeze."

ROBT. M. FRAYNE, '24.





## Farewell Address to S.C.M.

By Rev. L. H. Fisher, S.T.L.  
(St. John's United Church)

Students differ from other young people because they live in a world where inquiry is made a virtue, and independence is encouraged. Heretics of yesterday, denounced and ostracized, said no more than the student of today is urged to make the basis of his research work. This questioning spirit is only a part of the student's equipment for fitting himself for the greatest service in harmony with his ideals. Some seek the power to make money, some to interpret law, some to heal, some to be ministers or other leaders in the Church; all, however, ask questions of life, demand explanation from instructors that they may be fitted to the limit of their capabilities to do their chosen work.

The Christian student is differentiated from others in that this spirit of independent inquiry is at one and the same time enlarged and modified by the set purpose of living his life the Jesus way and trying to get others to do the same. This rather primitive definition of a Christian makes clear that Christianity is primarily a life; it is not only a subject for inquiry or discussion. A life requires a purpose, a dream, an ideal. David was not permitted to realize his dream of a temple, but his purpose was accredited to him; Joseph dreamt, and in the end his dreaming saved Egypt from famine. Even Jesus our Lord died for an ideal that is not yet fully realized. This purpose must be a flaming emotion, we must be men of like passion with the prophets and apostles; with such enthusiasm a Paul cries out: "I could wish myself accursed for my brethren's sake." Wesley in an England but barely scratched for God, says, "The world is my parish," and the dying prayers of Martin in Persia speak of a pure flame of desire that calls us to join them in an effort to bring the world to a life lived the Jesus way.

Movement must result where a group of Christian students band themselves together. Anything else would be a contradiction in terms! Jesus likens the kingdom to yeast, and we have at times thought of the saving of the world as being the natural outcome of the movement of the yeast, but the yeast moves, it reaches out, it lives. Our danger is that among students, in-

stead of movement we shall become discussers, and our gatherings, instead of being spiritual dynamos generating energy for more daring service, will be talk-feasts. When the Divine impulse floods the life, we must burst forth into action. Not alone afterwards, but now, the students are living their lives, and weak students should be held to their moorings till they are strong, and others should be led to adopt the Jesus way of life. Places in the city should be helped by our enthusiasm.

“With faces darkened in the battle flame,  
Through wind and sun and showers of bleaching rain,  
With many a wound upon us, many a stain,  
We came with steps that faltered—yet we came.”

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### YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW!

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The lingering music in the college halls abides through the passing years, unforgotten, sweet and beautiful as an angel's song, a charm to the memory, a quiet benediction to the soul, and an inspiration for tomorrow. Still we shall see the vanished faces of the young men and women, who sat with us in the classroom, and echoes of the old and familiar recitation will fall upon our ears with a new charm because of another environment; the joys of other days, the songs of evening hours, the broken studies, the cheery laughter, the merry jokes will transform the landscape of life, and the romantic years will pass away, till the green mantle enshrouds us, in our passage to the land beyond the eternal stars.

Yesterday is ever with us, though we hold fellowship with the man of the hoe, the clouds may hang low as we draw near to the mountains of the setting sun, the heavy load and the growing burdens may oppress, till we become mere clods of earth, but through the mists and shadows will remain the pathos and glory of student days. Often, oh, how often, we shall look backward and listen for the tones of the college bell, the happy, romping hours will again fill the spaces of life, and the bustle of the street will cease for a moment as we catch a glimpse of an old comrade bent with years, groping along the pavement, a remnant of the medalist with great honors, who has lost the way. The prophecy of the hill-top has been unfulfilled, the laughter has slipped away in tears, and the quivering lip is a token of sympathy and love.

Convocation Day has come! Beauty, joy and satisfaction meet in common round, and then, the parting of the ways. Down the long trail goes the senior brigade, marching to the field of battle with colors flying, unconscious of failure, and ignorant of the meaning of defeat; age applauds with a courtly smile; youth steps out with a prancing lilt; the children look on in wonder; the world waits in suspense, while angels gaze

enraptured on the wondrous scene. A shake of the hand, a word of good cheer, a farewell kiss, and then away to the ends of the earth in quest of wealth and happiness and fame. The long procession has come to an end, the unseen bugle sounds, the crowd scatters, and some will never meet again. As ships passing in the night, there will be a friendly call out of the darkness and the storm, and that is all. Far out on the trail lies the glory of tomorrow; the music of the Angelus bell lingers with us; the dusty road carries its own beauty, and we march onward to the burdens of life, the duties which lie ahead, and the peace and benediction of success. Yesterday was the beginning, tomorrow is the duteous burden, and the end lies beyond the top of the mountain, unseen by mortal vision, and unknown by human ken. Far out on the plains lies the lovely city Carcassoune, with its gilded spires beckoning us on, ever upward and onward to purity of thought and passion, to the light that never was on land or sea, and to the joy of having lived. Farewell to the old College of blessed memory, the struggle of circumstance, the songs and stories, the familiar faces and voices, the teachers with their culture, tact and rare fellowship, inspiring us to noble living. Welcome to the new day after graduation, the open vistas, the chosen career, the love and pride of parents and friends, and the joys and peace of home.

The trumpets are calling! Farewell!

JOHN MACLEAN.

The Library, Wesley College.  
May 8th, 1926.

#### ATHLETIC COUNCIL, 1926-27

Hon. President .....	Russell Cragg
President .....	Lyle Hopkins
Vice-President .....	Horace Dennison
2nd Vice-President .....	Hazel Anderson
Secretary .....	Earl Thomson
Men's Hockey .....	Lewis Wright
Girls' Basketball .....	Jean Coleman
Men's Basketball .....	Evans Furnival
Girls' Track .....	Hazel Anderson
Men's Track .....	Herbert Bell
Girls' Curling .....	Willa Griggs
Men's Curling .....	Stanley McLeod
Girls' Tennis .....	Edith Thompson
Men's Tennis .....	Reg. Penwarden
Football .....	Walter Benson
Equipment Manager .....	Lyle Hopkins





**GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM  
INTER-FACULTY CHAMPIONS**

Back Row—E. Einarsson (Manager), T. McDonald, F. Pratt, H. Anderson,  
J. Bildfell (Coach).

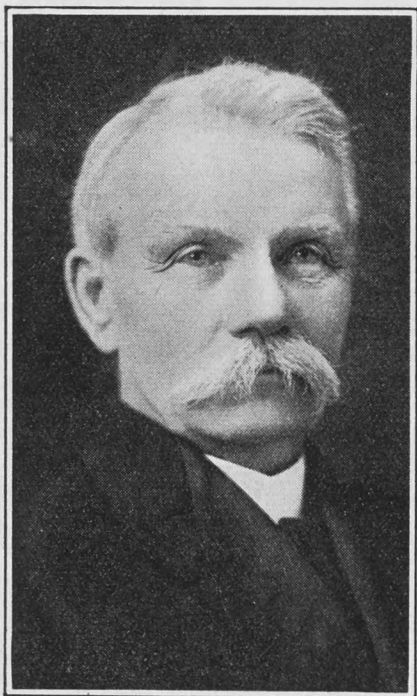
Front Row—Merle McDonald, J. Fowler, A. Anderson, Dot. Stevenson, R. Wilson.



## Degrees and Diplomas

JOHN MacLEAN  
LAW

"What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes!  
Man has forever."



John Maclean entered Victoria University as freshman in 1876. Since then he has obtained several academic degrees, and has filled his life with an amazing variety of tasks, all done with thoroughness and untiring patience. Preacher, pioneer missionary to the Indians, author, public servant, and above all, student, Dr. Maclean has an inspiring record of effort and achievement.

Today he graduates in Law. Surely he is the reincarnation of Browning's Grammarian, with the addition that all his studies, "the touch of life has turned to truth." John Maclean is not only student, but also man of affairs; not only thinker, but also man of action. "He is pugnacious," one man wrote concerning Dr. Maclean, in a

diary that later came into his hands, as the Chief Archivist of the United Church.

We who are in daily contact with Dr. Maclean, in his duties as Librarian of Wesley College, find in him "a guide, philosopher, and friend." His constant helpfulness, his seemingly inexhaustible knowledge of source material for essays, his genial humour, and his really youthful heart, make us glad that we know him.

We hope that we may not often require the exercise of his forensic ability on our behalf, but we do hope sincerely that he may long enjoy his degree of bachelor of laws.

### DEBATING EXECUTIVE—1926-27

Hon. President .....	Dr. L. W. Moffit
President .....	David Cavers
Vice-President .....	Naomi Kenner
Secretary-Treasurer .....	David Owen
U.M.S.U. Representative.....	Burton Richardson

## Theology Diplomas

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ROBERT MCKEE FRAYNE, B.A.

"You should not take a fellow eight years old,  
And make him swear to never kiss the girls."

Wit, wisdom and the gift of speech, fused with an eager enthusiasm for sport, form the outstanding characteristics of the subject of this sketch. "Bob" was born in Stonewall in the opening year of the present century. There he received his early education, passing from the public school to the collegiate and then on to Wesley in the fall of 1920. Between times he managed to secure a variety of experiences which have done much to mould him into an "all round man."



Early in his life at Wesley he made the acquaintance of all by his ability to entertain. In all branches of college activity he has taken a most prominent part. Outstanding in athletics, eloquent in debate, energetic in numerous other departments of college life, he has become one of the most popular of Wesley men. Among the many offices he has held may be mentioned: O.C. of the Wesley Company; C.O.T.C. in 1923; President of Athletics; member of the University Quartette for two years; President of the University Glee Club, 1925. In spite of all he has done for student activities, he has, nevertheless, found time for study. Always prominent in class discussion, he graduated in Arts in 1924. Then, after two years in the Theological Department, plus some extra-mural work, he graduates in Theology this year. A thesis will complete his B.D., which he hopes to secure in the near future.

This sketch would be far from complete without a word regarding Bob as preacher. Already he has served on Missions at Great Falls, Mulvihill, and Sprague. During the past year he has done good work at Atlantic Avenue United Church, to which he has been called as permanent pastor. Bob would rather be a Christian minister than anything else. He has been a loyal friend—he will be a good minister, and his warm, sympathetic heart will be his chief asset. His success is assured. The future will see the further unfolding of those ideals of Christian service which are his.

"A merrier man  
Within the limits of becoming mirth  
I never spent an hour's talk withal."

—H.E.J., '24.



## FRANCIS EDWARD HOWLEY JAMES, B.A.



"A noble mind, a heart sincere,  
One, whom to know, is to revere."

Ireland is noted for its Irishmen; and once an Irishman always an Irishman. Thus it is with Howley. Born in the little town of New Ross, Co. Wexford, in 1900, he still carries with him the unmistakable air of his forefathers.

Twelve years of murphies and cabbage were sufficient for him. As a result of this decision, 1912 found him in the land of whole wheat and corn flakes—yea—even in our own fair city—Winnipeg. Despite the change of diet the brain of our green-tied youth thrived until Central Collegiate boasted that he was a member of the '18 Graduating Class, and Assistant Editor of the "Collegian."

Entering Wesley in '19 with the '23 class, he was soon known for his lovable nature and his innate mistakes in grammar.

The little green school-house at Gypsumville well recalls his principalship of the summer of 1920, and well it should, for returning to Wesley in the fall, the entire school staff came with him.

The spring of 1921 remembers him as a freshman "Sky-Pilot"; but only for a few days was he a freshman, for it was here that the urge to carry the positive Gospel of Christ took command, and Howley realized that "This was a man's job." To fill the position he must be fitted. Hence it is that we find his training general; he graduated in Arts in '24 with one year's standing in Theology. And now we have him a graduate in the latter.

Many are the positions of responsibility that he has held, not only as Pastor of Mission fields in rural Alberta, Calgary, and Sprague, Manitoba, but also in the student body of our Alma Mater, some being: President of the '23's, President of the S.C.M., President of the Social and Literary; President of Debating, and Editor-in-Chief of "Vox," as well as being a valued member of the Wesley Dramatic Society.

As a pal, his comradeship is beyond estimation. The one category which best describes him is, "that he is a Christian." This carries with it a conviction that makes his living, preaching, and pastoral work so exemplary and forceful that his success is assured.

The prayers and best wishes of his host of friends go with him to the circuit to which he has been called at Fishburn, Alberta.

"He was a multitude."

—R.M.F., '24.

## J. J. STEWART

Anyone would be at a loss to account for "J.J." until it is discovered that in the closing years of the last century he voiced his feelings in the usual way in a little village near Londonderry, Ireland. From that land, famed for the good nature and amiability of its people, he brings to us many of the characteristics of his race.

Unfortunately "J.J." hasn't had much time to become acquainted around Wesley, the greater part of his course having been taken extra-murally. But during the year which he has been with us we have learned to respect him for his ideals and love him as a friend. For many years he has served on the Mission Fields of the West, and always his work has been "well done." The ministry to him is a man's job and cannot be filled by talking "smooth talk of ease and emolument." His Gospel is alive and powerful and he is sure of its effectiveness wherever it is applied.

This year "J.J." will be launched into the tasks of a full-fledged minister. The respect of all his friends goes with him, and we wish him great success in the noble work to which he has been called.



—H.E.J., '24.

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Prof. Johnson—"What are the principal parts of the verb 'tango,' Miss Newton?"

Amy—"Tango, tangere, taxi, tactum."

Prof. Johnson—"Wrong! 'Taxi' is a mistake. What should it have been, Mr. Willis?"

Maurice (dreamily)—"A street car."

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SOCIAL AND LITERARY EXECUTIVE, 1926-27

Hon. President .....	Prof. O. T. Anderson
President .....	Lewis Wright
Vice-President .....	Jenepher Fisher
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Edith Thompson
Publicity Representative .....	Eddie Eisler
U.M.S.U. Representative .....	Lyle Hopkins



### JUNIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row—K. Owens, G. McCartney, J. McKay, L. Borland.  
 Middle Row—E. Samson, C. Render, D. Owens (Captain), E. McKitrick.  
 Front Row—J. Lysecki, E. Furnival.  
 Absent—Horning.



### BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Standing—W. Vickery, L. Wright, W. McKee, E. Einarsson (manager), L. Hopkins,  
 J. Bildfell, E. Eisler.  
 Sitting—J. Stanbridge, S. Johnston, J. Breakey, H. Funk.



## *Graduates in Arts*

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The great German poet Goethe once said: "The highest can never be spoken." The highest, however, can be expressed. If not through the poor, faltering medium of words, which half reveal and half conceal the truth within, yet through the ever accessible avenue of generous, kindly human deeds. What the tongue frequently fails to say, the open, outstretched, helping hands can beautifully express. So let me urge this class, just entering a high road of open service, to remember always that what you do is vastly more significant than what you say, and that your deeds will ever be the finest interpretations of your highest ideals.—From the message of President Riddell to the Graduates.

### AVIS W. ANDERSON

From her birthplace, Moosomin, Sask., where she received her early education Avis journeyed to Vancouver where two very happy years were passed. While attending King Edward High School she absorbed an incredible amount of French and Latin.

On entering Wesley in '22 Avis soon found a place in the sun and joined enthusiastically in the various activities of college life, ranging from receptions and dances to circuses. Being the only freshie of her class to receive roses is a good claim Avis has to distinction.



In Second Year we find Avis taking a keen interest in activities which lead her to be Co-ed Track Captain in her Junior year and to be Wesley's infallible goalie for the last two years.

With the other members of the '26 class Avis has now reached the last of her college days, banner days which are worthy of fond remembrance. Capable and willing Avis has entered into dramatics. She has been a valuable asset to Athletics and to Sparling Hall, assisted, of course, by her "uke." Meanwhile though flowers and chocolates continue to come and she enjoys life immensely, Avis has not neglected the main purpose of her college life, her studies, but goes out with a high standard of efficiency as a student. Dignified and quiet Avis has the good wishes and admiration of many friends—more friends indeed than she may ever imagine one could have.

—M.E.H.

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"Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move."

—Tennyson.

## JON ADALSTEINN BILDFELL



For four years the '26 class of Wesley College has basked in "the sunshine of the smile" of this fair-haired Viking descendant, known to his many friends as "Brosi."

"Brosi" claims Winnipeg as his birthplace and in the course of his cultural development passed successively from St. James primary and secondary schools, to the Jon Bjarnason Academy to complete his matriculation and thence to Wesley College in '22. He graduates this spring a specialist in History and Economics.

"Brosi's" prowess as an athlete manifested itself long before he made his appearance among the '26's; football first attracted him, but Wesley will remember him as a hockeyist. He very materially aided his class in annexing the Inter-Class Championship in 1925 and for three years he has been a valued member of the college team.

Academic studies are to "Brosi" a pastime and would be a delight if they were more difficult. Nevertheless, the cultural background he has gained during the past four years in Arts will be a great aid in paving the way to future achievement.

A poetic nature, a touch of the philosopher combined with a practical turn of mind—these are some of the qualities which will soon bring him to the portals of success.

—E.E., '26.

## WINIFRED HARLEY BRUCE

Reminiscences of her childhood in Swan River only reveal that Winifred—as she passed through school—fought, drew pictures and did her homework. And this artistic touch, this spirit of independence—delightfully perverse, this enthusiasm for intellectual interests she has retained.

She came to college a verdant adventurer, chiefly concerned with the pursuit of knowledge. Her manifold interests are indicative of her versatile personality. When she assumes the dignity and responsibility of the rôle of President of Dramatics or Vice-President of the Fourth Year French Club, she is admired for her perfect self-confidence and command over the situation. For, once she ventures on any undertaking, such is her interest and enthusiasm that she can "put it across" with a maximum of success and a minimum of effort—even an essay. Her artistic originality is indispensable



in the annual quest for an inspiration for Stunt Night, novelties and place-cards. For her brain-waves always seem to have a practical application. But—if inclination be lacking all activity ceases and under no pressure can her interest be aroused. A remarkably self-willed young lady who speaks, acts and thinks on the inspiration of the moment, and has the rare and invaluable habit of saying what she thinks and giving her candid opinion. But beneath this cloak of awareness and matter-of-fact outlook on life she has essentially a spirit of idealistic enthusiasm and romantic adventure. She abhors the prosaic and commonplace and “must have novelty even if there were none in the world.”

—H.H., 26.

### FLORENCE CAMERON

“Her gestures, motions, and her smile,  
Her wit, her grace, my heart beguile.”

Fineness in personality is the most elusive of qualities, which explains this sorry attempt to analyse and describe Florence.

Not all the pages of neatly written equations in her science note-books could produce a formula comprehensive enough to describe the attractive blend of wit and wisdom that is herself.

There is nothing obtrusive about this fastidious lady. One is aware of her presence in a room or in the hall because of a sense of some pleasant, cheerful influence nearby. One is constantly cherishing the hope of meeting her somewhere; of catching the friendly engaging smile. A quiet humor, unfailing droll and effective, reflects the sunny spirit that has power to draw to her side friends that abide and are loyal.

And sincerity in friendship is matched by an equally sincere attitude toward life. The discipline of science has sharpened her critical faculties and made her practical, almost to the point of seeming to be matter of fact, yet there are moments in which one suspects her of high imaginative powers, and depths of thought and feeling too great for demonstration.

In her college career she has pursued her unpretentious way, making her contribution to general activities such as Social and Literary and House Committee. The Vice-Presidency of the class in her Senior Year is the tribute of her class-mates to her ability and the expression of their regard for her.

A “restrained interest” best describes her attitude towards sports, debating, dramatics, and the more public activities of the





college. The calm self-possession so characteristic of Florence does desert her on occasion, chiefly when stage fright attacks her on the rink, when in the company of expert skaters.

It is rumored that her ambition is to be a Pharmacist, and that learned profession might well covet so able and attractive a devotee. But nothing the future can bring of fame or popular approval could endow her with more gracious a virtue than that which she now wears—the art of being genuinely and uniformly kind.

—K.W.M., '28.

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### H. L. DRAPER



It was shortly after the commencement of the present century that the stork brought to this mundane sphere an energetic bundle of humanity, later known as H. L. Draper—Leith for short. This happened in Ontario. In 1910 the lad, obeying the cry “go West, my boy, go West!” came to Manitoba and since 1912 has resided with his parents at Elm Grove, Man.

Wesley opened wide her portals to Leith as a Matriculant in 1920 and in 1922 he found himself an integral part of the '26 class.

Leith's college career can be summed up in one word—achievement. His middle names are Energy and Executive Ability, and he has been given more than ample opportunity to live up to both—as Class President in his second year, President of the Permanent Class Executive, Year Book Editor (1926) etc., etc. Final proof of Leith's ability and popularity came with his election as Senior Stick—the highest office any student can hold in student activities.

Leith is of the cheerful, generous, open-minded type of genus homo; one who has impressed his personality upon the entire student body of the college.

Academically speaking we fail to see how he finds time to study, yet exams seem to hold no terrors for him.

Nor will his struggles with the “cold world” hold any terrors, for what Leith sets out to accomplish will be accomplished.

—E.E., '26.

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Howley—Is your engagement a secret?

Doug—No, the girl knows it.

## EINAR EINARSSON

A harmless Iclander, during the dark hours of October (tenth) 1903, announced in incomprehensible language his addition to the population of Logberg, Sask.

Einar, early and without difficulty mastered the art of wheat production. In 1916 he left the Saskatchewan prairie, realizing the advantages of a Manitoban education, to complete his public schooling in Winnipeg.

There is much to be said of his achievements at the Jon Bjarnason Academy, where he distinguished himself as a scholar, as a real friend and as an active participant in all academic activities. All these qualities are manifest in his career at Wesley.

Late in the fall of '22, following a year of teaching, Einar began his University term. In his early years there, apart from winning the class scholarship of the second year, he became interested in the various aspects of student life—an interest which later was very active and influential. This interest, which finally aquiesced in absorbing the obscure thoughts in Browning and John Stewart Mill, has, together with his pleasing personality, placed him in high esteem among his many friends.

To describe him adequately it might be said that he is sincere in action, gentle in looks, polished in words, and these alone spell character.

In 1926 Einar passes into greater renown, but, remember, "Continue your resolve to suck the sweets of sweet philosophy."

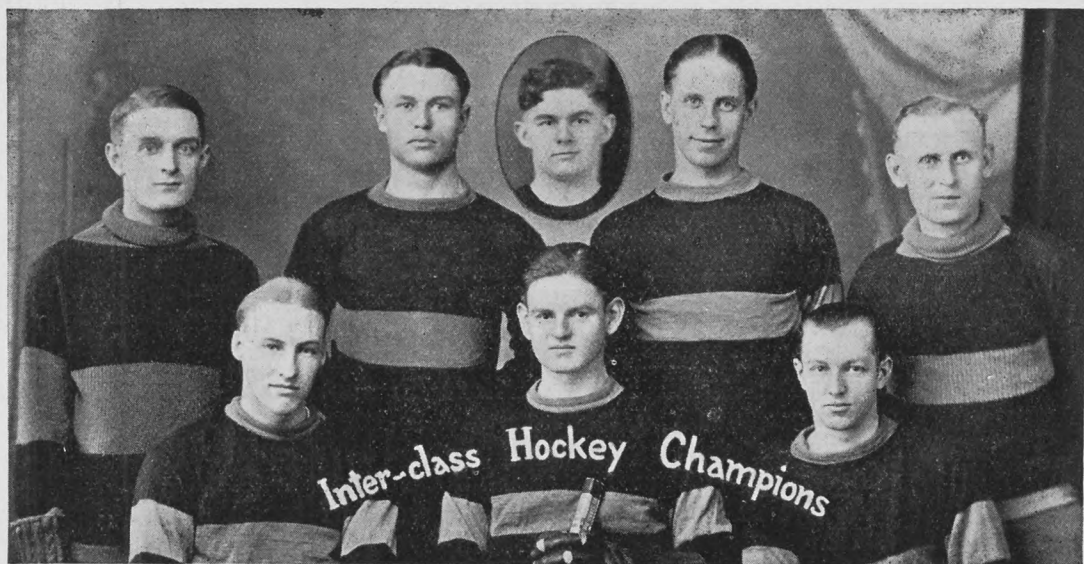
J.A.B., '26.




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### S.C.M. COUNCIL, 1926-27

Hon. President .....	Mr. A. R. Cragg
President .....	Harold Robson
Vice-President .....	Merle McDonald
Secretary-Treasurer .....	Leona Rothwell
Poster Maker .....	Berdene Clarke
Forum.....	Grace Parsons, Stanley McLeod
Social Service.....	Edith Thompson, David Cavers
Chapel.....	Muriel Richardson, David Owen
U.M.S.U. Rrepresentatives.....	Berdene Clarke, Stanley McLeod
Bible Study .....	Jenepher Fisher, Burton Richardson



### FIRST YEAR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row—Bruce McKittrick, G. Brisbin, Stan. Metcalf, M. Willis.  
 Fron Row—K. Booth, G. Watt, J. Mills.  
 Inset—S. Thompson.

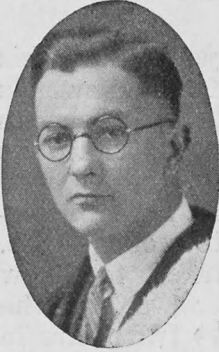


### GIRLS' TRACK TEAM

Standing—A. Vryenhoek, A. Holland, H. Anderson.  
 Sitting—E. Gamey, A. Anderson, T. Nirman, F. Pratt.



## HENRY FUNK



"Give everyman thine ear, but few thy voice."  
—Shakespeare.

From the great open spaces of Saskatchewan Henry came to us and proved himself, like Shelley's west wind, "tameless and swift and proud." Tameless even to the extent of proving his insusceptibility to the wiles of co-eds; swift, not in the sense of "fast," but meaning fleet of foot either on the football field or on the hockey ice; and proud of the fact that he has been at Wesley, that he has helped to uphold her traditions in many phases of activity.

Not given to expounding in any boisterous manner any pet theories of his own with regard to student policy, he nevertheless has a quiet way of pressing his views and making their weight felt. Like the rest of the "genus homo" Henry has his faults, but they are faults which he, through his self-analytical nature, is able to control and turn to advantage upon occasion.

It is said that there is redundancy in the phrase, "He is poor and friendless," because so long as a man is friendless he must needs be considered poor. Henry, through his general attitude to student life at Wesley has certainly assured himself of life-long riches because he has, while here, made many friends in the true and finest sense of the term, simply through the old medium that, "To have friends one must prove himself friendly."

From Wesley he proceeds to our sister faculty, Medicine, and in watching him pass on to a world of even higher achievement we can but say,

"There goes a man."

—H.L.D., '26.

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 DRAMATIC EXECUTIVE—1926-27

Hon. President .....	Prof. A. L. Phelps
President .....	Gerald Riddell
Vice-President .....	Grace Parsons
Secretary .....	Edith Thompson
Business Manager .....	Harold Robson
Stage Manager .....	Horace Dennison

## WILLIAM DANIEL PEARSON GRIGGS

"Nothing else but ——"



"Pearse," our blonde-haired youth with his natural marcel, having taken of all Griswold's sources of learning, journeyed to Wesley in 1922 to become exposed to even greater things scholastic.

From the first he has taken an active interest in all doings pertaining to college life. Probably few have really learned to know "Pearse," yet the better one knows him the better one likes him. In his first two years in college he was quite an ordinary student, being content with a "B" standing, but in his third and fourth years he has become intensely interested in science until now even an "A" is a certainty. In the lecture room his inquisitive mind has been a source of worry to many a professor. In the laboratory his bright countenance and cheery wit has helped many a would-be chemist to try again. Even the fair Juniors can testify as to his ability to demonstrate.

But studying has only been part of his endeavor. To social and S.C.M. work he has devoted much of his time. In sport his attentions have been centered on Track, Basketball, Cuspidor Hockey, and Swimming. His ability in this last named sport is quite evident, for in his Sophomore year he won his Life Saving Certificate. In Cuspidor Hockey "Pearse" will long be remembered by his team-mates as well as by his adversaries as probably the hardest man on the ice to stop.

"Pearse" leaves us this year to further pursue his scientific studies. It is in the large field of medicine to which he is now directing his attention. We wish him every success and we are sure it will be his, in this his chosen vocation.

—G.Mc., '26.

## FRANK H. HACKING

To some extent Frank's cosmopolitan outlook on life may be attributed to the varied experiences which attend his youthful scholastic career. His first protest against "conditions as they exist" was voiced in England, but information as to the exact time and location is unavailable to the general public.

At a very early age he decided to broaden his outlook through travel, his thirst for knowledge bringing him to Canada and so to Winnipeg. Here he walked through several schools in St. Johns and St. James, finally arriving at



Wesley in 1920. But it was in the fall of '23 that Frank joined the '26 class and once established he was not long in identifying himself with that notorious sextette—"The Mathematical Six."

From the time of his entering Wesley until graduation he made his college career one whirl of activity. Being of that temperament which is ever ready for a lively argument, the fields of debating and "politics" offered scope for his oratorical powers. Important and very exclusive "Social and Lit." meetings, frequent dramatic and hockey practices made heavy demands upon his time, yet he still found a few moments in which to mediate upon mathematical and economic problems—to say nothing of participating in the odd rubber of bridge. It is rumored, but only rumored, that he is bridge champion of room 13. But activity was by no means limited in the intellectual sphere—for Frank is a firm believer in the equal balancing of work and play.

Frank is an alert student, an all-round good sport and a real—friend. With whatever the future may hold, we wish him every success.

—E.A.H., '26.

### ESTHER HINDS

"And I, clothed in my idle dreams  
Will think myself a king of men."

"Buddy" would have been interesting to friend Matthew Arnold, because she possesses that invaluable quality of mind—curiosity, a characteristic which she manifested early in life by climbing a telephone pole to see what was going on at the top. This same eagerness of spirit led her to investigate not one, but many seats of learning, St. Mary's Academy, LaVerendrye, Kildonan, where she delighted her family by receiving 95% in conduct, and disappointed them by revealing the fact that all the others got 100%! Then St. John's Technical, and St. John's College—which she believed to be the finest place in the world until she came to Wesley—where we have spent three years becoming acquainted with her.

We knew her first as a philosophically-minded young lady, who revels in serious argument, and who is quite convincing until you discover from the twinkle in her eye that she is disagreeing with you only to see what you will say.

Then we discovered that she is musical, and we enriched our impression of her by adding the delicacy and the grace that are part of an artistic temperament.

We found, too, that she has a passion for unique things. She



delights her fancy by collecting China dogs, woolly monkeys and ballet-dancers, and chenille cats, endowed with the most romantic names in the world, which inhabit a whole shelf in her book-case. The exotic, in the form of Africa, India, and China, appeals to her, too.

She is one of those people who find life interesting, because they are interested in the adventure of life. And if you should question her as to her future, she will tell you, with a gleam of delight in her look, that if she could do all the things she would like to it would take over a hundred years—and then, becoming practical and eighteenth century-minded, she says—"Normal next year."

—W.H.B., '26.

### HELEN J. HISLOP



Helen has nothing in common with those personages of history whom we have always blamed for living at all because there is so much to learn about them. Her history is clear and straight forward. She lived in Arcola, Saskatchewan, until 1923, and then she came to Wesley, a freshie-soph.

Her most outstanding characteristic is her optimism, for she is possessor of a merry, impulsive disposition that will not let her take life too seriously to enjoy it. But, if proof of this optimism be needed, surely it is found in her confession that each time she visits the library she takes out, not one book, but three.

Her poetic spark, which still gleams fitfully when she is inspired to chant the Aeneid, or her favorite, the Prairies, was revealed in High School days when she composed a prize-winning lyric, "December," which we feel sure is worthy of a place in any truly representative collection of Canadian verse.

During her three years at Wesley, she has done her bit by attempting girls' cuspidor hockey, experiencing the honor and the odium of having to persuade people that they are eager to debate, simulating the proud possessor of a "Suppressed Desire" (Dramatics, 1925), analyzing "Humour" for the benefit of the English Club, being the pacifist on Stunt-night Committees, and conjecturing the number of rolls and sausages the class is likely to consume on Track Day.

Of the evil there is little to say. Her only pronounced aversions, if we may trust report, nine o'clock lectures, French Lit., orphan oil stoves, and the fortune-teller who insists that she is musical. And so she has always found life good, and we who know her feel sure that she always will.

—W.H.B., '26.



## MARY NORMA BEAL LEECH

"Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,  
Thy voice for pity's tones so fit—  
All speak the woman; but thy mind  
Lifts thee where bards and sages sit."



Fortunately Mary is gifted with a nature that makes it easily possible for her to adapt herself to her surroundings. She is a typical daughter of the Methodist Parsonage, which has necessitated her travelling bag being always packed as she expectantly flitted from place to place ever since she was born at Swan Lake in 1906. She has sojourned here and there in Manitoba, having lived in Wawanesa, Miami, Newdale, and Stonewall, where she received her High School education, acquitting herself there in her customary splendid manner.

She came to Wesley in '22, coincidentally with her father's being stationed in Winnipeg. Since her arrival at the home of the Blue and Red she has won the hearts of all those who have been privileged to know her. Her innate grit caused her to take a heavy academic course and she will graduate with a Major in History and Minors in Latin and English.

Had it been any other than Mary, one might marvel that a student weighed down with such a heavy course could have found time to participate in so many other college activities. Yet she has taken an active part in all social functions. She was Vice-President of her Sophomore year, Social and Literary representative of her Junior year, and Vice-President of the Social and Literary Executive in her Senior year, and to carry away as a memento she has recently had the honor of being elected Vice-President of the Permanent Executive of the '26 class. These offices speak well of the high esteem in which she is held by her class and the college at large.

The other day an admiring Freshie stated that the only description of Mary Leech was "femininity." This is certainly true, and so because of this characteristic she has had time to be a friend to man. In fact she is renowned for her indirect proposals.

Mary will always be remembered by her Wesley friends, because of her naive sense of humor, and because of her cheerful and loveable nature.

Mary says she is going to teach and her word is dependable—but—she has not yet stated how large or how small her class may be—who knows? And only the future can answer.

—J.F., '27.

## ROY A. LIND



Living in Winnipeg since birth, he soon qualified himself by virtue of his early training at public and high school as one worthy to enter college. Of bold and courageous Norseman stock and possessing great imaginative power Roy was unable to restrain very long his natural love of adventure.

This quintessence of speed rushed into our midst four short years ago. His early aspirations were to take the trip to Mars but after a brief study of astronomy he decided that about three thousand years was a little too long to be away. Pluck would be insufficient to express his "go get 'em" spirit on the football field or in the hockey game. He was always ready with a helping hand whether it be to photograph a corpse, decorate a ball room or build a radio. When he found time for work he devoted his energies towards mathematics and physics.

For the future I see in him another Edison; for the past he was a good pal.

—F.H., '26.

## GARNET C. McCARTNEY

Garnet and Geology both begin with "G," but an illustrious undergraduate career in science has shown the connection to be much more significant than that. It is not merely that in his junior or tertiary period he won the scholarship in his division in science. In sports and all other college activities he has shown himself to be a man of metal. Hockey opponents found it difficult to break through his cast-iron defence and the football squad discovered that he had steel legs and a nickle-plated heart. Socially, he is conspicuously lacking in brass, but the girls, after sizing up his quiet solidity of character for four years, have decided that he is "gneiss"—and they ought to know.



Like the earth that he is so fond of studying, he is still only in his Quaternary Period, and it does not yet appear what he will become; yet we may be certain that sound metal will remain sound metal, and that the testing of time will only reveal still further the value of the ore.

—W.K.P.G.



### GIRLS' BASKETBALL INTER-FACULTY CHAMPIONS

Standing—T. Nirman, I. McKay, E. Armstrong (coach), A. Holland, V. Smith.  
Sitting—K. Knight, Jenepher Fisher, C. Pettypiece, J. Coleman, M. Forest.



### ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—E. Thompson, F. Furnival, L. Boreland, L. Hopkins, A. Holland, E. Einarsson,  
W. Wilson, D. Smith.  
Centre Row—D. Robertson, H. Anderson, H. Funk (President), Prof. O. T. Anderson  
(Honorary President), J. Coleman, T. Nirman, H. Bell.  
Front Row—Dot. Stevenson, A. Anderson.

**JEANETTE G. McDONALD**

Not so many years ago the town of Roland, in the province of Manitoba, was made famous when there came to live in its midst one Jeanette McDonald. The years went by and the child grew in stature—and wisdom, until the summer of 1921 found her a Matriculation Graduate, coming to the halls of Wesley and incidentally to Sparling Hall. Even at that stage she seemed to be desirous of gaining wisdom and since then there has been no doubt in the minds of all that her object is being accomplished.

However, Jeanette has not spent all her time studying—although I must admit she can often be seen rushing towards the university, as well as the public library. She has shown herself to be an unselfish, loyal, and loving girl, who has made many friends during her college career. Jeanette has been a supporter of all college athletics—even if she doesn't take an active part herself, she never misses a hockey or basketball game. She is an enthusiastic skater and hiker, which reminds me that she has hiked with S.C.M. people this past year.

Throughout her college years this student movement absorbed much of her time and interest. She attended the Carlyle Conference in her Sophomore year and in her Senior year the Christmas Conference at Saskatoon. This past year she was President of the Girls' S.C.M. and as such held a position on the W.S.A. Executive.

As yet Jeanette is undecided as to what her future will be, but whatever or wherever it may be, I know that she will be successful and her many friends join with me in wishing her every happiness in her coming days.

—M.McD.

**TENA McDONALD**

She is Scotch—

Notice her name—she loves the clan, she is undemonstrative, frank, matter-of-fact she is canny, circumspect, kindly; she delights in subtle disquisition.

She is Artistic—

Her family proudly exhibit her landscapes and seascapes: Her zoology instructor commends her enthusiasm for sketching the Crustaceans and Pisces concerning which she has acquired much inside information.

\* \* \*

Once she murdered Bach.





With her uke she may now enthrall one by enumerating the charms of her emaciated lover, at a rate which no speedometer could register.

\* \* \*

She is fond of horticulture, but her attempts to grow a black tulip were dismal failures.

Her summer occupation is cutting grass.

She has graced the stage and as Madame la Pompadour given us the stately Minuet. She has played the part of the wicked pirate.

She is Athletic—

In second year she swept the Granite. The Wesley Rink, however is her favorite campus. In fourth year she practised hockey assiduously and won a W. Tennis and "Hoist your sails" are specialities.

She is Business-like—

She has served on various executives. As convenor of a committee she sees the completed work and has also an eye for detail.

As head girl she sought for smoothness and efficiency.

She is a True Friend—

She is interested, considerate, loyal; criticise her friends, relations, class or college and await results.

She is steadfast as a star,

And yet the maddest maiden;

She can wage a gallant war

And give the peace of Eden.

—I.S., '26.

### EDITH AGNES McKITRICK

"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone, or despise,  
For not that sets one heart at ease  
Or giveth happiness or peace  
Is low esteem'd in her eyes."

Edith is a true Manitoban having been born at Crystal City, and educated there, entering Wesley College in the fall of 1922.

As secretary of the English Club in Third Year, Manitoban Reporter for W.S.A. and member of the Vox Wesleyana Staff in Fourth Year she has demonstrated her ability and resourcefulness.

The House Committee with its problems found a helpful member in Edith.

During the Senior Term Edith also graced the offices of



Vice-President of the Girls' S.C.M. and member of the Social and Literary executive.

A sparkle of fun is always lying quite close to the surface of her deep-blue eyes. This merry twinkle becomes constant when she is found in league with other sprites on mischief bent.

Another saying finds its proof in Edith—"Appearances are deceiving."—So quiet, reserved, unassuming—but also, so frolicsome, mischievous, and daring.

Edith is one of those true blues whom we often talk about but only occasionally find. In brief, she is a real friend—first, last and always.

—V.V.T., '24.

### ETELKA BEATRICE McQUARRIE



"She's true to her word, her work and her friends."

A sincere friend, a conscientious student, an excellent organizer—these are but a few of the characteristics which "Tek" has displayed during her four years at Wesley. Born, not very long ago, in Minnedosa, Etelka moved to Winnipeg in time to let Winnipeg's public school system claim her as its product. Three successful years at St. John's Technical High School failed to satisfy her innate thirst for knowledge and the fall of '22 found this brown-eyed maiden among the ranks of the Wesley '26 class. Since that time she has been a loyal supporter of the Red and Blue, making, in her quiet, unassuming way, a vital contribution to the life of her class.

Among Wesley co-eds "Tek's" name has become almost synonymous with "eats" committees. The efficiency with which, for two successive years, she has convened the refreshment committee of the annual girl's tea would in itself give sufficient proof of her organizing abilities, without mention of grad's farewells, co-ed's grad's teas, etc. It is always a real pleasure to work with "Tek" for she possesses that happy faculty of being a capable manager, yet always retaining the good-will of those who work under her.

A second specialty has been inter-class hockey. Through her first three years at Wesley "Tek" was '26 girl's hockey rep. Her own readiness to play her part has made it easy for her to inspire enthusiasm and pep in the rest of the girls.

Above all, her sterling qualities as a friend have endeared her to those who know her best. Whether a telephone call, a

letter or a visit to the sick, Etelka can always be counted on for those "little unremembered acts of kindness and of love." The result is that both within college and without she has a host of friends.

The future we may safely leave in Etelka's hands. Normal next year will lead to instilling her own high idealism into the growing youth of our prairies. A longing for travel will, we hope, soon be fulfilled. Whatever the years ahead may bring we may rest assured that "Tek" will give of her best and therefore the best will come back to her.

Good luck to you, pal o' mine!

A.G.O'N., '26.

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### MURIEL E. MEECH

After attending a number of schools in various parts of the Dominion—Ontario, Saskatchewan, British Columbia, and Manitoba, it was decided that Muriel should finish her matriculation at Wesley College. This was about six years ago, when she was a tall, thin, solemn-eyed child, interested mainly in collecting bird's eggs and gopher's tails. In the first years of her college life interest was centred on zoology, with a decided leaning in favor of cray-fish. This love for small living things finally developed, in her third and fourth years, into the hobby of collecting toy animals of every conceivable shape, size and color.



Muriel is one of those delightful people who will never quite grow up, and at the same time she possesses a mind alert and ready for every problem which may confront her. It is her desire to "see life steadily and to see it whole."

As a student she is an outstanding credit to the '26 class. But for her being a student, in the broadest sense of the word, does not exclude a participation in the frivolities of life, for, dancing, snow-shoeing, skiing, are entered into with unlimited enthusiasm. And then, to fill in idle moments which will crop up occasionally, you may find her sitting on the floor by the fire-place reading Shelly, or indulging in impromptu caperings around the living-room floor to the accompaniment of the latest record, or, if you are very quiet she will sing "For You Alone."

Muriel's happy smile, her sense of humor and readiness to join in all the fun that's going, have endeared her to hosts of friends, not only at Wesley, but in the wider circle of the University as well. Although plans for her future career are as yet

a complete mystery, all who know Muriel wish for her every happiness along whatever pathway she may choose.

—E.H.

### ADA G. O'NEILL



Can Ada? Certainly, for Canada has endowed her with true western energy, vivacity, practical ability to get things done, and a clear discernment of what is most worth doing. Ireland? Yes, Ireland, too. For the ancient genius of the O'Neill clan may be held responsible for Ada's versatility, brilliant intellect, rare power of sympathy, and that spark of fire which one occasionally glimpses in the depths of her brown eyes.

She was chosen as class valedictorian, not alone because of her fine powers of oratory, and the honor she has brought the class through her four English scholarships, but because she has identified herself with the very spirit of the '26'ers. We claim her as our champion debater and feel her contribution at the piano indispensable, in social good times, chapel or in Common Room confabs. She has been actively interested in English Club, dramatics and countless committees. Ada's friendliness, broad interests, and capability have won her an important place in the life of the college as a whole.

The professors have found a friend in this brilliant enthusiastic co-ed, and find her always alert. Ada may be talking,—alas even in class, she may be dreaming and apparently inattentive, but she is always ready with her answer.

Her achievements have been above all in the Kingdom of the intellect. "The torch of the mind is a flame of glory."

—A.T., '26.

The freshman was spending Saturday afternoon on the farm owned by his sweetie's papa and the scenery filled him with romance. They were walking through the pasture when he noted a cow and a calf rubbing noses. He stopped and smiled.

"Such a loving sight," he said to the girl, "makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," the girl said, "it's pa's cow and he won't care."

—C.N.R. Magazine.



**HARRY PARKER**

Harry was born in England, but really opened his eyes for the first time when he came to Kenora as a mere youth. He reached Winnipeg in 1919 and Wesley in 1921. Here he matriculated and began "dipping from the deeper wells of knowledge" with the renowned '26 class.

Wesley has always known that Harry was present in her midst. He is especially famed for debating in an eloquent oratorical fashion and in his final year he safely piloted the Debating Society on its way, in his official capacity as President. He has been a staunch supporter of the S.C.M. in all its varied branches of activity. He was present at every class and college function.

His greatest claim to special honors was his talent as a checker player. In this realm he was the dread of all who encountered him and this exacting pastime never lured him in vain.

We hear that Harry can preach, too, and as it is likely to be his life work, it is a good thing. It is rumored that his powers as a cook are of no mean order—he can make pies, cakes, and biscuits in such an expert manner that he is the envy of many a capable housewife.

We all wish Harry outstanding success in the years to come—wherever he is—or whatever he may be doing—whether he be in Winnipeg teaching or in Timbuctoo preaching. Sooner or later the latter place will claim him and then—hurrah! says the Cannibal King.



—J.F., '27.

**ARTHUR L. PENTLAND**

The subject of this brief estimate is so modest it was difficult to elicit sufficient information from him to write this short biographical sketch. Finally, however, we secured the following.

"Art" was born in the village of Homewood, Man., early in the 20th century; in which year we were not told and were bashful to ask, but we think he is of age.

Of his public school education we have no record, but that he must have passed over the road for beginners is proven by the fact that he matriculated while at Medicine Hat, where he had migrated from Homewood.

Impelled by the desire for higher education and the ambi-

tion to make the most of life, he entered Wesley College in '22. Science and Maths. being his specialties, we have seen comparatively little of "Art" the last year or so. He was debating "rep." in third year. This was due, no doubt, to his having caught the debating bug from his most intimate (male) chum, H.P., also from St. James.

Some people you know by what they say. "Art" is known by the silence that is golden, as he is a man of few words, but they are always to the point and reveal a strong character. During his college career he has made many friends and has proven himself worthy of highest friendship. Whatever line his future life may take, we wish "Art" all success.

Hobbies—Wielding a paint brush during summer holidays and freshettes.

—G.J.C., '27.

### HAROLD G. ROBSON



As true a scout as you'll ever meet.

The subject of our unqualified pen chose to honor Griswold as his birthplace, and there he broke in upon the peace and quiet of the parsonage with his lusty cries for learning and a chance to render service to his fellow men. Not satisfied with the morsels of life offered him at Moose Jaw and in the capacity of pedagogue to a country community he cast his eyes toward the East and Wesley College became the fount of knowledge from which he craved to drink.

In the fall of '23 a youthful, slender chap approached the Registrar craving admittance to the fellowships and privileges of Wesley Residence and class rooms. It was Harold.

Harold emerged into the midst of the '26's in their Sophomore year a quiet, bashful boy, as every one thought, but he soon revealed a capacity for form and big heartedness that let the whole gang in and there they have been ever since revelling in the quiet outbursts of humor and philosophical argument.

Harold is an all-round student, winning the University General Course Scholarship last year. He has a keen interest in sport. For two years he has held a place on the Senior Basketball team, this year as Captain, winning his W. He was honored in his senior year by his classmates by being elected President of the class and custodian of the Student Fund and Secretary of the Permanent Executive. At all times he has served efficiently on many committees. His interest and service with S.C.M. and boys' work has been marked with success.

Although graduating this year Harold is not leaving Wes-

ley, he will return next year to study Theology. He will continue to hold office and serve the students in various capacities, chief of which will be as President of S.C.M.

It requires no prophet to realize that his future success is assured.

"Not given to thinking overmuch  
Of pains and griefs behind,  
But glad to be in fullest touch  
With all his humankind."

—D.B.S., '26.

### DOUGLAS SPARLING

Once upon a time, boys and girls—(no, this isn't a fairy story—it's really and truly) there lived an old codger all alone in Room 3. (Helen, get off the piano.) Now, this old codger was a very decent sort of chap, even if he did have reddish hair like Bowser, the airdale pup, and a moustache almost as bushy as Mr. Murray's. (Iva, stop pulling Pearson's curls and get Winifred another cookie.) And, mind you, he used to live at Roland when he was a little kid, but he couldn't stand the excitement and so he came to college to get made into a preacher.



(No, you can't do the Charleston again tonight, Flossie, you'd shake all the papers off your curls.) And then, after he could preach pretty well, he wanted to become an artist but he didn't know what he liked best so he took a general course. He had a very queer habit, so he had, he used to like to get a gang to sit around in one of the rooms with their elbows on the table and talk about all sorts of things. And because he tried to get everybody to do it they called him the S.C.M. (No, that's not short for Ship Carload Mission, Frank, I think it means Stuffing Crescent Minds.) Anyway, after he finished the general course he thought he'd try general Husbandry, so got a cute little car and a cute little box of candy and started out into the cruel, cold world to find a girl. As soon as he finds one they will live happily ever afterwards. (That's all for to-night. Leith, you can pass the jelly-beans and after Edith hears Georgie say his prayers, everybody'll have to scoot off to bed.)

—H.G.R.

Maid, Sparling Hall—"How many teas, please?"

Fred Foreman—"I'll have coffee, please."

The said Maid—"Sorry Mr. Foreman, there is no coffee."

The same Fred—"Well, tell them to give me some of that that they've been sending up for coffee all along."

## IVA STEWART



"Magnificence and grace,  
Excellent courtesy:  
A brightness on the face,  
Airs of high memory:  
Whence came all these to such as she?"

Perhaps the fairies of her ancestral Ireland could tell from whence come these tokens of their special favor. They might also tell us what lies behind that air of detachment which sometimes suggests aloofness, and what significance is in the baffling smile that is part of Iva's attractiveness.

To write about so versatile a character is to experience anew the futility of words.

With all her Irish mysticism, there are none more ready than she to join in the very human pastimes of tea and singing and games in Sparling Hall. Her help on all such occasions has always been willingly given and her ideas and interests generously shared.

If it be true, as Iva maintains, that she was found in a snowdrift on the shores of the Bay of Quinte, then her cool self-possession is explained. Certainly the imagination finds it easy to see in her the beauty and variety of her native province, the firmer qualities of loyalty and devotion from U.E. Loyalist influences, and the resourcefulness and frankness that are gifts of the prairies.

These serviceable and pleasing qualities came with her from Elgin, Man., to Wesley in 1922. They explain, in part, her success in social and academic life. In her freshman year she won a scholarship for General Proficiency, and the Vice-Presidency of her year started her on the road that led to the highest honor of all, the position of Lady Stick.

Neither the responsibility of office, nor the demands of hard, persistent effort in study, have availed to alter the serenity of her well-ordered life.

Class '26 recognizes her untiring service in contributing to the success of stunts, dramatics, parties and debates.

A capacity for hard work was demonstrated in her third year, when she taught in a suburban school, passed her examinations creditably, and served as Literary Editor of "Vox."

Cuspidor Hockey, and all College games have had a share of her genuine interest.

As Lady Stick she has had power to hold the allegiance of her colleagues, and to discharge her duties with dignity and effectiveness.

That nameless charm that abides in every act, and is ex-



pressed in all her contacts with others, is the delicate flowering of a nature peculiarly sensitive to the claims of beauty, truth and kindness.

"Spirits are not finely touched but to give issues." The community that claims Iva in the future will be the richer for a fine personality capable of being expressed in many lovely ways.

—R.T.M.W., '26.

### ANNIE CECILIA THEXTON

"Surely in toil or fray, under an alien sky,  
Comfort it is to say, 'Of no mean city am I.'"

It is to Winnipeg that Annie is indebted for her early educational and formative experiences, and for the typical western flavor in personality and character that is independent yet friendly, and that "makes things go."

A year in Toronto and five years in China continued that educational process and two years in Wesley "finished" her.

Magic ink to make the virtues conspicuous, and a smoke-screen of adjectives to make the failings invisible is an ancient biographical device not needed here. One feels instinctively that industry and sincerity, charm and quiet dignity are as natural to Annie as is her famous burnt-gold hair.

Capable in all the normal accomplishments of life, a good teacher and a good student, doing work of dependable and even quality, ranking high in general proficiency. Interested in sports for recreation,—skating, tennis, and canoeing on the Red River. A lover of beauty, she delights in comfort and artistic surroundings, but is equally at home in any wayside inn in China.

She has exquisite taste and a rare feeling for color in landscape, music, or dress materials, yet imagination and idealism are tempered by a high degree of practical good judgment.

Annie is always either going somewhere or returning, accompanied by a suitcase. If absent mindedness indicates genius, she has achieved greatness. Many entertaining stories might be collected around the theme of her "forgetfulness."

She is a very satisfying friend, in whose friendship one may rest, without illusion and therefore without subsequent pain of disillusionment. This gift of delightful friendship has been her contribution to Class and College life, to say nothing of the resourcefulness with which she can supply "ideas" for teas, dramatics, or stunts.

It might be said that she has many interests but no great enthusiasm. Her serenity is rarely disturbed by the actions or opinions of others, still less by the chances of circumstance.



It is fitting that a personality so variously attractive, and a mind so well disciplined should find its best expression in contact with the eager, newly vitalized life of the Orient.

—K.W.M., '28.

### GEORGE E. WHITLAW



George E. (Spencer) Whitlaw has been a very valued and valuable member of the '26 class since 1922. Deloraine, Manitoba, knows that "Whit" is a baseball player par excellence, but Wesley has discovered that his talents extend far beyond the ball field—to the hockey rink, the football field, the curling rink, the race track. So much for sport.

Originality, inventive genius, and abounding energy when required, bring "Whit" to the foreground when Stunt Night comes around; while on Dramatic Night he revealed his latent powers as an actor.

"Whit" the student now comes up for inspection and comment. Yes, he does manage to put in the odd hour's work and invariably "knocks" exams for a very respectable average. Its all in his easy comprehension and rapid assimilation of facts. These last two characteristics will give him a boost should he pursue the study of politics or law.

For four years Wesley halls have re-echoed with the sound of "Whit's" ringing voice; next year something will be missing. And those who were wont to listen intently to his political theories or to enjoy his abounding humor will regret exceedingly that he is gone. However, progress demands that mankind push on, and so we wish our friend of the steely grey eyes every success.

—E.E., '26.

Child (innocently)—"Mother, how did dad become a professor?"

Mother—"So you have begun to wonder too, have you?"

History Prof.—"Claudius reigned from 41 to 54, Nero from 54 to 68, and then there was an interregnum."

Stan McL.—"What were his dates, professor?"

## RUTHA WILSON

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,  
With eyes of gold and bramble dew.

Rutha's bright, vivacious countenance will be one of the pleasant images we may carefully hoard away in the recesses of that store-house labelled "reminiscences of college days."

She entered the rank and file of the '26 class as a sophomore, after teaching the wee urchins at Fraserwood, subsequent to her freshie year in Wesley. Since she is a child of the parsonage, her pre-college days were naturally varied and while this nomadic life led to an extensive acquaintance with our Manitoba towns, the final decision resulted in favor of Winnipeg.

A fun loving person, possessing an unlimited supply of energy, naturally finds her real forte in the realm of athletics. A spare hour for tennis is never an impossibility, but her big game is hockey. To many she will be remembered as a small individual, laden with such miscellaneous paraphernalia as hockey stick, sweater and the odd disreputable note book, racing from the college to Sparling Hall just before a practice or game. During her four years she has taken many a tumble and broken a hockey stick or two while battling for her Alma Mater. Fourth year saw her captain of the Wesley team and president of the U.M.S.U. hockey girls. The result is a senior "M" and remembrances of games at Saskatoon, Edmonton, and Banff as one of the Brown and Gold girls.

And yet we have not told half the story. With the searching inquisitiveness of the student she found time to delve into the depths of Huxley's agnosticism, Browning's optimism, and Hardy's theory of evolutionary meliorism. She might also expound on the mysteries of the Lacarno Pact and the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, while at the same time she retained a real interest in the worth-while sidelights of college life. In her fourth year she worked on the debating executive as a class representative and S.C.M. problems commanded her attention. Last summer she was a Wesley delegate at the Kenora Conference.

Rutha did her best to fill the rôle of a dignified senior and after a successful business tour as superintendent on a chautauqua circuit, we might expect favorable results. But calm and dignity are attributes incompatible to one who draws her numerous friends by a radiant vitality, a dancing eye, a ready smile, and a sunny personality. She is one of the He's we shall not willingly let go.



—I.S., '26.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CLOSING WEEKS OF THE TERM

1. Dislocate the following passage:  
     Broke, broke, broke,  
     In thy cold gray dawn, O day!  
     And I would that my tongue could utter  
     The things I try to say.
2. Rewrite the above in rambic decimeters, being careful that the feet keep in step.
3. Show your acquaintance with the following:
  - (a) Toby or not Toby.
  - (b) Alas, what boots!
  - (c) The short and simple flannels of the poor.
4.
  - (a) What are Keats?
  - (b) Who fed the Lotus Eaters?
  - (c) Who danced with the crannied wall flower?
5.
  - (a) Quote a yard and a half of blank verse from "Useless," and then fill in the blanks.
  - (b) Frustrate the rhyme scheme of "Claribel."
6. In what poem is it stated that without eternal ink life would be meaningless?

N.B.—Please set forth your ignorance as plainly as possible.  
 (Ex.)

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Standing—C. Johnson, H. Funk, P. Griggs, H. Dennison, S. Thompson.  
Sitting—C. Render, H. L. Draper, L. Hopkins, H. Bell, R. Penwarden.  
Front—D. Smith, E. Thomson.



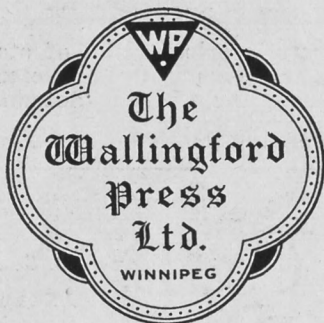
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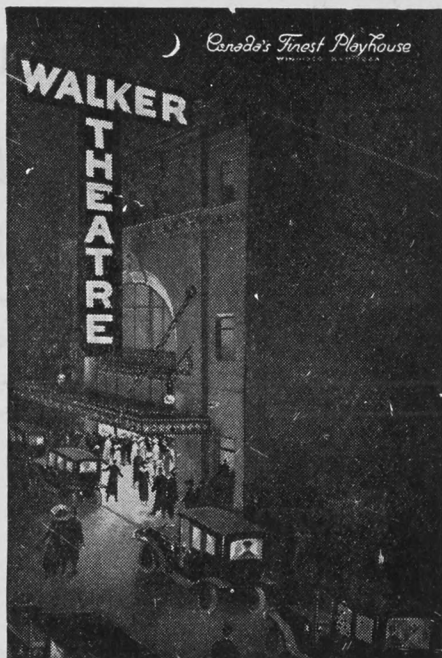
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Color plays a leading role—light, Springlike shades—silver greys, thistledown greens, cedar browns, granite greys and others. New patterns, too—dice effects, geometrical design, plaids and shadow stripes. And no lack of “steeples” shades and patterns for men of conservative taste.

Their fabrics are fine all-wool imported materials, tweeds, worsteds, herringbones, serges and fancy weaves—their wearing qualities on a par with their dressiness.

Men's Clothing Section, Main Floor, Hargrave

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